

"The Government's just a blank blank dud,
And the blank blank Empire's name is mud."

HAMADRYAD

THE SATURDAY

REVIEW

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Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

What Sir Samuel Hoare said:

"We alone have taken military precautions. There is the British Fleet in the Mediterranean, there are the British reinforcements in Egypt, in Malta, in Aden. Not a ship, not a machine, not a man has been moved from any other Member State."



**Litvinoff's Mouthpiece—Mr. Anthony Eden—
is the new Foreign Secretary**

Reprinted from the Daily Mail.

A GREAT MISTAKE

HAS British foreign policy to be dictated by a junta of howling Socialists spurred on by the League of Nations Union? The Government has entirely miscalculated the strength of public opinion in thus suddenly altering course. **IT HAS RUN AWAY FROM A MERE BOGY**, the creature manipulated by the League of Nations Union and its wirepullers.

THEY have poured upon Ministers and hesitant members a flood of letters denouncing the peace proposals and have intimidated our none-too-bold politicians.

THE genuine attitude of the country is demonstrated by the immense number of letters protesting against sanctions which are reaching "The Daily Mail" without any wirepulling by a huge propagandist organisation.

THE Government itself ought to have resigned instead of making Sir Samuel Hoare its scapegoat. If the Cabinet imagine that they can go on indefinitely in this style, after such an exhibition of weakness and instability in a most critical affair, they make a great mistake.

THE country will come more and more to distrust them. No Administration in modern times has given such a shock to its own prestige; and the gravest fact of all is that it has adopted a line of policy, which leads and can only lead to war.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Child's Guide To By-Elections

- Q. Daddy, who is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald?
- A. *A National Socialist who is trying to get into Parliament for Scottish Universities.*
- Q. Will the National Socialists vote for him?
- A. *No. There aren't any National Socialists in the Scottish Universities.*
- Q. Then who will vote for him?
- A. *The kind Conservatives.*
- Q. Daddy, who is Mr. Malcolm MacDonald?
- A. *A National Socialist who is trying to get into Parliament for Ross and Cromarty.*
- Q. Will the National Socialists vote for him?
- A. *No. There are no National Socialists in Ross and Cromarty.*
- Q. Then who will vote for him?
- A. *The kind Liberals.*
- Q. Are there any National Socialists anywhere besides Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald?
- A. *Yes. There are eight, for certain.*
- Q. Where?
- A. *They are all in Parliament.*
- Q. But who voted for them?
- A. *The kind Conservatives, the Liberals.*
- Q. Why don't the Conservatives and Liberals vote for Conservatives or Liberals, daddy?
- A. *I think it's your bed-time, my boy—unless you would like to try that one on your mother.*

Daily Express.

**

Sirens

Our siren sanctioneers have changed their tune. Their first song failed to lure Britain on to the rocks of war. It was couched in harsh jingoistic terms. It urged that Britain, without waiting for the support of other League of Nations States, should take the initiative in applying sanctions

against Italy to the severest degree. Its refrain was, "Close the Suez Canal with the British Navy! Cut off the shipment of supplies to Mussolini's troops in Africa!"

The new song is sweeter and more seductive. True, the prospect which it holds out to Britain is still one of war with Italy. But there is no more talk of Britain fighting alone. The aim now is to suggest that Britain's task would be a light one, since she would be supported by the "overwhelming strength" of the other League countries.

The chief songster is Viscount Cecil of Chelwood. He is not, he wistfully announces, "quite happy" about the measures so far taken against Italy. He wants sterner sanctions. An oil embargo would make him much happier; and even if that sanction goaded Italy to a retaliatory act of war Lord Cecil's cheerfulness, it seems, would not be diminished. For in such an event "we should have a right under the Covenant to the support of all other members of the League, including France, and we should no doubt receive it."

**

Boloney!

Is there the slightest justification for Lord Cecil's claim? There is none.

M. Laval, in his speech to the French Chamber on Saturday, said that France would aid Britain on the land, on the sea and in the air if she were attacked by Italy in applying sanctions. But what would happen if Laval said to his fellow-countrymen, "To arms! We are going to fight the Italians"? His Government would immediately collapse.

Lest anyone in France should be alarmed by his promise of armed support for Britain in hypothetical circumstances arising from the application of sanctions, Laval emphasised in his

speech the agreement between France and Britain to reject any and every form of sanction which might lead to war. If sanctions led to war, France would not be in the war. Every responsible French statesman knows that the French nation would flatly refuse to fight the Italians; and if in the near future the Laval Government should be upset on some domestic issue, its successors, for fear of provoking civil strife, will follow the same policy of extreme caution.

**

When Greek Meets Greek

What of Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia? Each has promised to observe the undertaking of "mutual assistance" if Britain is attacked in the Mediterranean. It would be startling news if they did otherwise, for a refusal would mean formal renunciation of the Covenant.

But what are these promises worth? Has Greece said how many of her airplanes she would spare to help Britain? Has Rumania promised to contribute all four of her destroyers, and her one submarine? How many soldiers does Turkey offer? These promises, even if made in specific terms, would be of little value. Confined as they are to vague assurances of "support," they are worse than useless.

The truth is that the new siren song of the sanctioners means the same in effect as the old one. The old song invited Britain to act alone against Italy. The new song again invites her to act and assures her of armed assistance which would not be forthcoming.

Evening Standard.

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The French Debate

The interesting speech of Friday's debate in the French Chamber was that of M. Paul Reynaud, who attacked M. Laval from what is virtually the Right. M. Reynaud had come to London the week before to hear the debate in the House of Commons. He now argued that M. Laval "must choose between Italy and Britain." Thereby is measured the extent to which Sir Samuel Hoare's overthrow has made harder the path of the peace-maker in Paris. M. Laval patiently faced the harder problem thus thrust upon him, and yesterday won his narrow majority.

The Observer.

**

Co-Ordination

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has made his decision. He has reversed the legendary process of "biting the hand that fed him." He bit the hand—university representation—as recently as 1931, and feeds from it in 1935 by agreeing to seek election to

Parliament as a member for the Scottish Universities.

His supporters have wished, in vain, that the forceful words he employed in his denunciation of the university vote could be allowed to remain decently buried in the files of Hansard. Their exhumation was inevitable.



It will be frequently and faithfully recalled between now and the polling that Mr. MacDonald called university representation "simply plural voting," and declared that there was not the slightest justification for its continuance; that he reviled as "a Soviet system" the practice which James I. founded three centuries before Lenin; that he said, "If you want materialism at its worst masquerading under the most sacred guise, you find it in the university for generations."

If Mr. MacDonald, now a Cabinet Minister without a seat in Parliament, is to escape the charge of having embraced a strongly "materialistic" solution of his dilemma, he will be obliged unreservedly to withdraw his attacks on the system by which he now seeks election. His election address, therefore, will be read with more than the usual attention.

However complete the recantation, there will probably be many Scottish university graduates who will decline to cast for Mr. MacDonald the votes of which, as Socialist Prime Minister, he sought to deprive them.



Of greater interest to the public as a whole is the objection to Mr. MacDonald's candidature by another section in the constituency. This section consists of Conservatives who point out that Mr. Noel Skelton, whose death has caused the vacancy, was elected by the Conservative vote. They insist that the Conservative Associations should have nominated one of their own party for the by-election; and they are understood to be considering putting up an Independent Conservative against Mr. MacDonald.

Evening Standard.

Reprinted from the National Review.

What is Going On ?

IT is to be hoped that the public and the Press, and, above all, the House of Commons, will not allow the matter of Abyssinia, now seen to be of minor importance, in spite of all the howling, to bulk too large in their eyes. We have barely escaped the danger of being made to fight for a cause which hardly concerned us and we have only escaped by altering our course, for the old League policy has been definitely abandoned whatever Ministers may say. But the men who made the mistakes that took us, all unarmed, to the brink of war are still at the head of affairs. We hope they have learnt the lesson, but news received in London on December 13 looks as though Mr. Baldwin's Government, having saved themselves by the bare skin of their teeth over the Italian policy, had now plunged into the witch's cauldron of negotiating with Germany about armaments.

An ominous interview occurred in Berlin on December 13 between Herr Hitler, the German Foreign Minister, and Sir Eric Phipps, British Ambassador in Berlin. One correspondent reporting the affair used the words "Air Locarno." We can understand German anxiety to keep Great Britain quiet while they conclude their prodigious armament programme. We cannot understand British Ministers allowing themselves to be bamboozled by the old, old German humbug. The position in 1935 is the same as it was in 1912, when the unfortunate Haldane Mission occurred. Buttered and flattered, the British Ministers then were lulled into drowsiness. But in those days there were no aircraft to speak of. We had a two-power Navy and an Expeditionary Force of six divisions. Ministers who neglected their duty in 1912—we know now—were guilty. What would Ministers in 1935 be after the object lessons of war and post-war?

GERMANY V. EUROPE

People who do not know recent history, who have forgotten the origin of the war, and who are not in touch with the Continent, often talk as if what prevented Europe from settling down was the Franco-German question, France and Germany being conceived as equally "difficult." No idea could be further from the facts. There is no separate Franco-German question. Every single one of Germany's neighbours is paralysed by a "German" question, from Belgium, Denmark and Lithuania on the north to Czechoslovakia and Austria on the south.

One of these German questions concerns France, it is true. Germany intends to retake Alsace-Lorraine and still further territory from France, and to smash her military power. But this

is only one item in the programme which is to make Germany all-powerful from the Baltic to the Adriatic. The reason why people speak loosely of the Franco-German question is because France is the only country since the war which has realised the common danger and which has endeavoured to organise European opinion to resist the attack upon the independence of the countries round Germany.

No one supposes that Herr Hitler—or whoever else is in power in Germany—will attempt all this programme at once. He will, as he is doing now, endeavour to keep England disarmed by means of agreements which he will break directly it suits him, and to lull France to sleep by attempting nothing at present on the western front. In the meantime he will strike suddenly at Lithuania or Austria, and the *laissez-faire* school here will tell us that Lithuania (or Austria) is no concern of ours. But it is our concern that there should be some balance of power in Europe, and it is our concern that we should be ourselves secure behind the "sure shield" of a strong British Navy, with an Air Force, and an Army capable of protecting the Empire. If it is true that Mr. Baldwin has fallen into so obvious a trap as that of relying on German agreements, the sooner public opinion gets going the better.

THE NAZI GRIP

Religious persecution continues relentlessly in Germany. It is applied alike to Protestant and Catholic Christians. Priests and Bishops are prosecuted on various charges and summarily convicted, but on November 22 Bishop Bannasch was arrested and no charge was brought. Other Catholic priests were similarly incarcerated without any direct accusation. On December 11, however, a communiqué issued by the secret police stated that the Bishop and priests were accused of treason to the Nazi state. We have not, at the time of writing, been told the details of this "treason" (*landesverrat*) beyond the fact that it relates to "state secrets," and that Bishop Bannasch, who is the head of the Catholic Information Bureau in Prussia, is accused of having informed the Papal Nuncio at Berlin, Monseigneur Orsenigo, of the state of the Catholic Church in Germany. Bishop Bannasch has replied that he simply acted according to his duty in the Catholic hierarchy, and that the imprisoned priests have done the same. The scene is being set, it is believed, by qualified observers, for a grand and spectacular trial, which will—so the Nazis think—break the Catholic Church's resistance to modern German paganism. While the main effort against Catholics is attracting great attention, the pastors of the Protestant

churches are also being hunted. The Hitler Government has decreed that the Protestant Churches are to worship on racial principles, and that the clergy who refuse to submit are to be banned. The Minister in charge of religious matters, Herr Kerrl, has now published a decree which removes the means of livelihood from all pastors who remain faithful to their religion. While the two great branches of the Christian religion are thus undergoing persecution the Jews are more and more maltreated. The Nuremberg laws have deprived them of their citizenship; the courts of law cannot be trusted to give them justice; those Jews who leave Germany are robbed of their possessions. It is strange that public opinion in other countries should be so little shocked, it is even stranger that British Ministers should be found willing to enter into agreements with the Germany of to-day.

54 NATIONS

We are always being told that the League of Nations, as the organ of fifty-four nations, represents overwhelming odds against any country that challenges it. A correspondent sends us a list, copied from that at the London office of the League of Nations, of the countries that agreed to Sanctions 1 and 1a against Italy. There are forty-seven countries, and a reference to Whitaker shows that sixteen of them have armies of 20,000 or less. Some, indeed, have neither army nor navy at all. Here are the sixteen:—

Bulgaria, Columbia, Cuba, Denmark, Dominica, Ecuador, Estonia, Iraq, Liberia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela.

Seven other nations, including India, are partners in the British Empire, and can only be effective if Great Britain moves. Of the remaining 24 nations, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia could not send a man out of their own borders because of the German danger. Finland, Latvia and Poland are immobilized by fear of both Russia and Germany. And China cannot even defend her own territory against Japan. This leaves the League of Nations with 16 countries. Among them are the Eastern European, Balkan and Asia Minor powers, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Turkey, all of whom watch each other vigilantly, and care for no other part of the world, while the Scandinavian countries, Norway and Sweden, are necessarily tied at home while Russia and Germany dominate the Baltic. This leaves the League of Nations with the following:—

	Army.	Air.	Battle-ships.	Cruisers.
Argentina ...	33,000	200	8	2
Chile ...	25,000	150	2	3
Mexico ...	60,000	42	1	—
Siam ...	40,000	350	—	—
Persia ...	90,000	200	—	—
Spain ...	200,000	500	2	7
Portugal ...	70,000	130	—	8

Besides the Allies who went into the war of 1914, i.e.:—

	Army.	Air.	Battle-ships.	Cruisers.
Russia ...	562,000	2,000	4	7
France ...	560,000	3,000	9	20
Great Britain	154,000	1,434	15	53

We know what happened in the last war. Russia backed out and made a separate peace, abandoning her allies as she had already done before in history. France and England were left to it—as they would be again. The “54 nations” we hear so much about are really two, ourselves and the French!

THE REACTION

It always makes for plain sailing in politics when reactions are exactly what could be anticipated. Mr. Baldwin, his colleagues and certain members of the House of Commons were the only people who, apparently, did not know what the effect of their proposals would be. When it was known that the British and the French were trying to make peace between Italy and Abyssinia, and still more when certain peace terms were published, a shriek of dismay went up from the pacifists—who are cranks when they are not Socialists and Liberals—the dearest hope of their hearts, an Anglo-Italian war, was going to be denied them! The shriekers were supported by the full tide of the Liberal and Socialist press, while *The Times* and *Telegraph*, who would usually support the Government, gave forth hostile or uncertain notes, indicative of the divisions in the Cabinet. They did not actually oppose Mr. Baldwin personally, but that they were willing to wound him was shown in the space given to letters of criticism and to American press comment. It should never be forgotten that the inhabitants of the U.S.A. detest the British, that they regard our Empire as Public Enemy No. 1, and that any stick is good enough to beat us with.

A LEAGUE TO STOP RAIN

It is not often in the House of Commons that a speaker bluntly says what the generality of the public outside are thinking, but on December 10, Mr. Stephen, a member of the Independent Socialist Party, performed that useful service. He denounced the League of Nations as a fraud and an imposture, and he told the following story:—

I remember once addressing a demonstration in Glasgow under the auspices of the No More War movement. I was telling the late John Wheatley all about it, and he smiled and said, “I wonder that in a country like this, where we are troubled with so much rain, no one has ever founded a society for the prevention of rain.”

Official Report. [Our italics.]

Mr. Stephen further told the House, and through it the world, something which the public had guessed, but did not know, and that was that in Scotland, Conservative and Labour candidates alike “ran away from the policy of sanctions other than sanctions which did not result in war.” That showed the dislike of the electorate to the quarrel our Government has engaged in with Italy. Mr. Stephen—in this one matter—understands the lesson of the election and he appealed to the Socialists not to vote for sanctions. It is evident to everyone, outside the pacifist societies, by now that while alliances can preserve peace, this Geneva experiment is about as practical a war-preventer as would be a League to prevent the rain from falling in Glasgow.

Reprinted from the "Daily Express."

The MacDonald Farce

By William Barkley

MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, the Dominions Secretary, at meetings at Dingwall on Tuesday, was rejected by the Unionists of Ross and Cromarty, and was accepted by the Liberals as "National Government" candidate in the by-election caused by the coming retirement of Sir Ian Macpherson. Mr. Randolph Churchill was unanimously recommended for adoption as the official Conservative.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was expected to retire from the field when the Tories refused to support him. He did not retire.

He is privately committed to stand. He asked for a few days to think it over.

He is calculating that a message which is expected from Mr. Baldwin will affect the Unionists' minds in Ross and Cromarty.

It has been demonstrated that the farmers, who demand an energetic agricultural policy from the Government, will no longer tolerate the National umbrella shielding a Socialist who will not stand up for them.

They dislike Malcolm because of his father's record. They like him less as a former Socialist himself.

But over and above everything else they resent the dictation of the Conservative Central Office making them adopt young Malcolm, a candidate with whom they have no sympathy.

Mr. Baldwin, whose mother was a MacDonald, ought to understand this: "Ye daurna trample on a Ross-shire farmer."

A day to gladden the heart of any political writer was a drama.

ACT I

The curtain rose at 11 o'clock, when the largest meeting of the Conservative Association ever held in Ross-shire assembled in the National Hotel. More than seventy giants from farus anywhere between the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea squeezed through the wide doors of the hotel.

Malcolm, our young hero, took up a place in the wings. That is to say, he sat in an adjoining room. He could almost have heard his repudiation through the wall. For two hours he sat waiting for his call. But it never came.

He had no business in Dingwall so early in the morning. His duty was to attend the Liberal meeting at four in the afternoon. He came early to be at hand if wanted. Nobody wanted him.

Sir William Martineau, the chairman, explained in a half-hearted way that he had no option but to put Malcolm's name before the Association. That was because Captain Margesson, the Conservative Chief Whip, telephoned Sir William last night to inform him that it was Mr. Baldwin's and the whole Cabinet's wish that Malcolm should be adopted.

At which there were loud hoots and boos.

Sir William then said: "I told Captain Margesson that although I am the chairman of the Ross and Cromarty Conservative Association I knew nothing about Mr. Malcolm MacDonald standing in my constituency as a candidate. I told him that I had not been informed by the Liberals, and although it is the Conservative vote which in the past has always returned a member, the Liberals did not have the courtesy to inform us what they were doing."

Sir William's statement was cheered so loudly that our young hero, sitting next door, had a premonitory shudder.

A resolution was then moved and seconded and carried without a vote to the contrary. Every hand went up for it—not one against.

It was: THIS UNIONIST ASSOCIATION REFUSES

TO SUPPORT THE ADOPTION OF MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD.

The trend of the speeches supporting the resolution was that Ross Conservatives would never, never be Central Office slaves. They would not accept dictation. Pressure made them see red. Political jobbery they detested. And a Socialist masquerading as a Liberal-Tory was something which they could only express in Gaelic.

The meeting did not send for our young hero. They sent to him. Sir William Martineau and Mr. T. H. Burns, the Association secretary, were deputed to leave the room and tell Malcolm that he did not appear in this act at all.

ACT II

The scene now moves from the National Hotel, which is the only connection which the local Conservatives have with "National"—to the Temperance Hotel.

Time, three o'clock.

The Liberal Association meet to recommend Malcolm as pre-arranged. Our young hero moved up the street and into the wings again. The meeting was not expected to last half an hour.

It lasted two and a half hours. There were many dissentients.

One man moved that Malcolm be not adopted. Only the great personal authority and respect held for the Liberal chairman, Dr. Middleton, succeeded in making the recommendation unanimous. His line was that the Tories had been unanimous in rejecting Malcolm, so the Liberals should be unanimous in recommending him.

At first they refused to issue any statement of the meeting, which was private. Malcolm persuaded them, and suggested the following statement, which was then made: "The Liberal Association in Ross and Cromarty unanimously resolved to propose the name of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald as National Government candidate. Mr. MacDonald asked for a few days to consider the invitation."

The wording of this resolution presupposes the joint meeting of the Liberal and Unionist Associations, probably on Saturday.

The Unionists will recommend Randolph Churchill to the Liberals; the Liberals will recommend Mr. Malcolm MacDonald to the Tories.

ACT III

Scene: National Hotel again. Time, 4 o'clock.

The official Conservative selection committee meet to go into names. As they were meeting word came through that Sir Ian Macpherson had received a peerage in the New Year honours.

In an excited atmosphere the Unionists went up in flames. They at once decided to recommend for their full meeting on Saturday only the name of Mr. Randolph Churchill.

They despatched the following cable to him:—

"Official Conservative selection committee appointed by meeting of Association held this morning, recommend you as the National Unionist candidate to full meeting on Saturday. The Unionists of Ross and Cromarty want you and pledge themselves to work for your certain success. Please be with us at our meeting on Saturday. We need you."

ACT IV

Scene: Dingwall Station.

Mr. Macdonald arrives. Not Mr. MacDonald. Mr. Macdonald is Mr. Randolph Churchill's political agent. It is just as well he had a small "d." The Unionists of Ross and Cromarty reserve their big "d" for the Ramsay family.

Westminster Puzzles Italy

By Commendatore Luigi Villari

Rome, December 27.

THE debate in the British Parliament over the Hoare-Laval peace proposals has been followed in Italy with curiosity not unmixed with interest. What strikes the Italian observer at first sight is the peculiar way in which the British democratic parliamentary system functions. We too have our troubles, but we doubt if anything similar to what happened in London on December 19 would be possible here.

That a Government with a huge majority secured at a very recent election, after having made certain proposals for an important international issue, together with another Government, climbs down and withdraws them without consulting that other Government, because of the outcry not of its own supporters nor of the mass of the country's public opinion, but of a coalition of cranks, faddists and pacifists, who, bloodthirsty though they may be, are certainly not going to risk their precious skins in the trenches or on the barricades, seems to those of us who are familiar with the works of Gilbert and Sullivan more suited to the Savoy stage than to the political arena.

Italians are also puzzled at Sir Samuel Hoare's complaint that Great Britain had been unable to secure the foreign support she required for her own military measures. They ask themselves whether it is in conformity with the British tradition of dignity, to which one was accustomed, for the country to be cadging for the assistance of the Czechoslovak navy or the Liberian air force to help Great Britain to bully Italy. Then they wonder if those British measures were necessary at all.

IF ITALY WERE ATTACKED...

British Ministers are always insisting that they had in view the danger of an Italian attack on the British fleet. But who in Italy, outside the lunatic asylums, dreamed of anything so preposterous? Of course, if Italy were attacked she would defend herself, and to some effect (*"cet animal est très méchant—quand on l'attaque il se défend"*). But in that case would not the aggressor be Great Britain herself, and would not Italy be entitled to call upon the League of Nations to protect her against British aggression? Where then would Great Britain's devotion to League principles stand, and would not the denizens of 15, Grosvenor Crescent look rather silly? But perhaps they have never looked anything else. It is all so very puzzling to us.

Sir Samuel Hoare tried to make out that the concessions made to Italy in the peace proposals were really so very slight as to amount to hardly anything at all. He reminded one of the girl in one of Captain Marryat's novels who excused herself for having produced an unexpected and unwanted infant, by saying: "But it was only such a very little baby!"

Mr. Baldwin, on the other hand, seemed chiefly anxious to clear himself (incidentally at the expense of the member for Chelsea) and present the League of Nations Union with a clean bill of health. In fact, he told the House that neither he nor his colleagues liked the Laval-Hoare proposals because "they went too far" (towards effecting a peaceful settlement?). Then he complains of a lack of liaison between London and Paris, which made it very difficult to decide anything, as nobody at one end knew what was being done at the other. But surely it is not beyond the resources of science to establish a telegraph or even a telephone line between the two capitals; and we are quite sure that if Mr. Baldwin had asked the Marchese Marconi nicely and said "Please," he would have been willing to give a little wireless help, in spite of his recent tiff with the B.B.C. (he is really a very kind man).

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE?

Mr. Baldwin's chief complaint is about the indiscretions, which upset the apple-cart. But if the proposals were as undesirable as the Prime Minister said they were, was it not a good thing that the apple-cart was upset? Then, admitting that leakages are a bad thing, who was responsible for them? The question which presents itself at once is naturally, *cui bono*? Italians ask themselves in whose interest it was that there should have been an indiscretion of such a nature as to produce an upheaval calculated to produce a vacancy at the Foreign Office. This obviously exonerates Sir Samuel Hoare, and also Mr. Baldwin, who apparently did not want to disturb anybody—not even the Negus. Who then had a direct interest in the defenestration of poor Sir Samuel? The conclusion seems to point to some-one who wished to secure Sir Samuel's job. The leakage, in fact, appeared, among other papers, in a London and a Paris daily which are closely associated, and one of which is notoriously in close touch, through its diplomatic correspondence, with a British statesman very much on the make—and now very much made. *Ergo*...

But what of the future? The appointment of Mr. Eden to the Foreign Office is not regarded in Italy as calculated to cause much anxiety. Whether he were directly in charge of that department or acted as its *éminence grise*, does not make much difference. He will be unable to do more harm to British-Italian relations and the peace of Europe now than he has done in the past, and perhaps, now that he has achieved the object of his ambition, he may be content to keep quiet. He no longer needs to kow-tow to Grosvenor Crescent, to the Palais des Nations, nor to the Kremlin. But there is, of course, the possibility that "*l'appétit vient en mangeant*," and that he may now aspire to take Sig. Mussolini's place at Palazzo Venezia, or that

of Pius XI at the Vatican. That, however, would be more difficult, and he may have to wait a few years.

The most deplorable consequence of the upheaval is that it will be very difficult in future for Italians—or indeed for any other nation—to take any further peace proposals emanating from the present British Government seriously. If any other should be made, Italy would have to begin by inquiring whether the British Foreign Office could count on the support of the Labour Party, of Sir Stafford Cripps, of Major Attlee, of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, of the League of Nations Union, of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of Mr. Wickham Steed, of the Upper Tooting Bicycle Club. Otherwise she could not discuss it, even as a basis for negotiation.

The general opinion here is that it was most fortunate that Italy delayed sending her reply. Although the scheme itself presented many shortcomings, it could have been regarded as a basis for discussion, and the mere fact that even a small tract of territory was to be accorded to Italy represented an undoubted improvement on all previous proposals, inasmuch as it implied partial recognition of Italy's claims. But it is considered very fortunate that the Italian reply was not sent, for in view of what happened in London on December 19 even a conditionally favourable answer would have been met by a slap in the face with the withdrawal of the offer. Italians feel that now they will be able

to secure a better solution by themselves.

But perhaps that is what the British Government really wants? As it seems to be so terrified at the thought of being accused of having contributed to confer a reward on the "aggressor," it might feel more comfortable if the said aggressor were to take the reward himself. Then it might say to the pundits of the League of Nations Union, the pacifists, *et hoc genus omne*: "As we could not induce Haiti to place its tank corps at our disposal nor Andorra to lend us its submarines, we have not been able to take any drastic action, and those Horrid Nasty Italians have been and gone and taken what they wanted—they were so Wickedly Selfish as to rely on themselves alone—but we are in no way responsible, so please give us full marks."

If that is the view of the Baldwin-Eden Government, so much the better—as far as Italy is concerned. And possibly it is the solution which may appeal even to the real Britons and the true Conservatives, who have the interests of their country, and not those of the international gangsters at Geneva and Moscow, at heart, and who realise the vital importance of re-establishing cordial relations with Italy as the most effective bulwark of European peace and prosperity against the danger of revolutionary Socialism. Then Italy's East African enterprise would be recognised for what it really is, *viz.*, a colonial punitive expedition destined to extend and promote civilisation.

From the "Western Telegraph"

HENRY J. GIBBS *replies to . . .*

"Vitriolic Attack on Splendid Patriotism" of Lady Houston

I HAD thought that the recent sacrifice of another million of our brothers to the maintenance of Britain and her Empire—men who should rightly be with us this Christmastide, men who died in the belief that their sacrifice would bring us peace and security—had shamed into silence, forever, this pseudo-philosophical resignation to the fallacious theory that our Empire will follow the path trodden by former Empires.

I was mistaken. The spirit of defeatism lives still. The weed spreads its parasite strength upon the mind of Englishmen, bidding them despair.

I refer to Mr. Walter Newton's attack upon Lady Houston, a woman who has won the admiration of all Englishmen for her splendid patriotism; the woman who defied the traitors of Nelson; the woman who made possible the Everest Expedition, and who has now given yet another large sum of money to another charitable cause.

Frankly, I cannot understand why Mr. Newton saw fit to make such a vitriolic attack upon this woman.

One week he quotes Shakespeare's most famous paean of patriotism; the next he attacks a woman who seeks to bring realisation to that expression of national pride in this age! He claims to support old-fashioned creeds and immediately derides them!

Lady Houston is right. The whole dirty business of Sanctions against our old ally, Italy, has been inspired by the Soviet, working to overthrow all that is British.

Make Agreement Impossible

LET me requote Lenin to Mr. Newton (I gave him this extract in the *Telegraph* of August 23, before the war had started): "Up to now we only succeeded in winning thanks to the profound

discord among imperialist Powers. . . Hence our policy—to take advantage of the discord between the imperialist Powers, to render more difficult agreement between them, or, if possible, to render such agreement temporarily impossible."

Litvinoff has succeeded in carrying out his master's plans! Europe is in ferment over the Italo-Ethiopian dispute! Red Army officials attend the French military manoeuvres in Champagne. Russia seeks world dominion through a "balance of power" scramble that will provoke bloody revolution in the West.

Into that trap have fallen Mr. Newton and Mr. Eden. Memories of 1914 cloud the festive season.

Surely our Empire means something! For hundreds of years British men and women have set forth from these fog-girt isles to toil and suffer through the snow-laden forests of Canada, across the burning plains of India, amidst the tropic jungles of Africa, carrying the British flag and British justice to the farthest-flung corners of the earth.

Once planted, that flag has stood, however barren the soil, amidst all the miseries and tribulations of rebellion and insurrection. The flag of Britain has stood, guarded by her heroes.

Is this day and age to renounce the heritage bequeathed by our forefathers, by our brothers who died on the battlefields of Flanders, in order to facilitate the schemes of a gang of murdering Bolsheviks?

To Betray Future?

ARE we so weak, so devoid of our sense of duty to the past, that we are to betray the future, created by men—aye, and women, too—and let their vision slip from our hands for ever?

Mr. Newton, and his bed-fellows, wrapped in mystic contemplation of their tiny morsel of eternity, think so. They are sadly mistaken: they are trying to milk Dr. Johnson's bull.

There are, thank heaven! many who feel, with Noyes, that:—

"There is a song of England that thrills the
beating blood
With burning cries and yearning
Tides of hidden aspirations hardly known or
understood;
Aspirations of the creature
To'ards the unity of Nature;
Sudden chivalries revealing whence the
longing is renewed
In the men that live for England, live and love
and die for England:
By the light of their desire
They shall blindly blunder higher
to a wider, grander Kingdom and a deeper,
nobler Good."

We lose nothing and gain nothing in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

In passing, does Mr. Newton remember the public outcry against Abyssinian slavery, led by Britain, which prevented Ethiopia from joining the

League in 1919 and again in 1922? Does he remember the articles in the *Westminster Gazette*; the refusal, by Tafari Makonnen, of the League's offer to assist in stamping out slavery?

'Tis Russia's Plot

DOES he believe that Britain gains anything by running the risk of plunging Englishmen into the abyss of Abyssinia?

This business is Russia's plot: Bolshevik Russia seeking to smite "the rock upon which all revolutionary waves are broken," as Marx called the British Empire.

In attacking Lady Houston's correct interpretation of this attempt, Mr. Newton is lending his intellectual weight to undermining the foundations of this rock.

No, Mr. Newton, it is not good enough. Too many of our brothers lie in some corner of a foreign field, lonely and half-forgotten under the chill light of winter stars, because their Government had meddled in the affairs of other nations. Too many of our brothers lie in some corner from which none return.

We stand in danger of breaking faith with those who lie under the poppies of Flanders, through the deliberate entanglements of our affairs in those of other nations.

Is that what those men and women of our blood died for? No! and therefore their heroic sleep shall never be disturbed through our betrayal.

If Sacrifices Must Be—

IF sacrifice there must be, let it be for our beloved country and Empire, whose dawn is still but a faint glimmer in the dark skies of doubt and fear. Let it be in sacrificing our lives to the building of a greater strength under the Pax Britannica. Let it be in living for Britain.

Lady Houston is right. I suggest that my friend leaves her to continue her work, to doing her share of saving Britain from those of her ministers who rush to serve every order of a Bolshevik potentate.

England lives through the actions of women like Lady Houston. England lives! Despite all the betrayal, the lies, the timidity, the cries of havoc, she shall yet live and march hand in hand with destiny towards the future.

My generation—those whose early years were protected by the Great Sacrifice—will not break faith. They are mindful of their task. They will go with the vanguard of Britain, proud of their heritage, conscious of their role in our history; their eyes open and unafraid upon the spectacle of a Greater Britain that shall arise from their labours.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their news-agents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The Coward

By Kim

UTTER disgust is the effect of Mr. Baldwin's abject confession of cowardice when he threw over Sir Samuel Hoare to the Sanctionist wolves, and he certainly has not enhanced his prestige in the country. No-one likes a Prime Minister who, because he is threatened by a portion of his followers, climbs down at once without a kick in him.

The more, in fact, the public reflect upon this particular performance the less attractive it becomes. They have before them the Prime Minister's previous statement that if his lips were unsealed, he could a tale unfold of such prodigious import that not a man would go into the Lobby against him.

Yet when it came to the point, and the allies of the Bolshevik Litvinoff pointed a pistol at him—filled with venomous hate against England—he threw aside all his convictions, dared not produce his reasons for supporting the Hoare-Laval negotiations, and surrendered to the men who, as he must know, if they get their way, will plunge us into war with Italy and probably precipitate us into a new conflagration in Europe beside which the last war was scarcely more than a picnic.

What a different kind of man is M. Laval. It is a matter for satisfaction that he obtained a vote of confidence last Saturday. M. Laval has had a most difficult task throughout, for he has had to contend with his own Sanctionists (who, of course, lean heavily to the Left) and our Sanctionists (who include the Labour, Liberal and "Left-wing-National" groups), the wobbling attitude of the British Government, whose support he must not alienate, and his own internal difficulties.

A VALUABLE ALLY

On the other hand, like most Frenchmen, who have no illusions, on politics at any rate, he has Realism as an ally, and when he told the Chamber of Deputies that if an Oil Sanction were imposed by the League of Nations it would mean at least part mobilisation of the French military and naval forces, his vote of confidence was assured. France to-day is not going to throw out a Prime Minister who realises that enforced Sanctions mean war.

If Mr. Baldwin had possessed the like courage and had challenged his critics by facing them with reality, the whole situation would have been cleared at the least. But as the result of his shilly-shally, the Cabinet are shortly compelled to face a new crisis. The Government has invited replies from various Member States as to what they are prepared to do if, as the effect of Sanctions, Britain should be attacked. Real support, not paper support, is needed and unless it is adequate to the full, the British public are certain to draw the line at that. There is going to be no enthusiasm in

this country for war to advocate the principle of collective security (it is really collective insecurity) as held by Geneva and already fly-blown. Is Mr. Eden going to scare Mr. Baldwin as he did before Christmas? Are the young members of the Cabinet, the Duff-Coopers and their little crowd, to cause the Prime Minister's knees to knock together once more?

But whatever Mr. Baldwin may attempt to do, the fact remains that his prestige has evaporated. His one great asset in the public eyes, his sincerity, has gone. That kind of attitude which endeared him to the man in the street, the sort of "Stan," sucking his pipe cheerfully, has been bashed on the head. When put to it he switches round from one extreme to another and then runs away.

SOMETHING WRONG

The average public, who are not masters of diplomatic technique, judge events more instinctively than the connoisseur. Lying behind the plea of Mr. Baldwin when he confessed it might be said it was an act of weakness, and certainly an error of judgment, is a conviction that there is something hopelessly wrong about the whole business. *Britain's interests come last.* If we are to believe Mr. Baldwin from the very beginning he thought Sir Samuel Hoare was going too far. He did not like the frame-work. Yet, thinking all this, "I decided at once I must support the colleague who was not present," and, again, "our first instinct is to stand by a colleague who is absent." That does not tally with what Mr. Baldwin told the House, before Sir Samuel Hoare was jettisoned, when he said none would question his action in supporting the Hoare-Laval proposals, if his lips were unsealed.

Apart from his failure to give a succinct explanation of his *volte-face*, observe that Mr. Baldwin never gives a moment's thought to the British nation and the Empire. He is concerned solely as to whether he should let down a political colleague or no. He weighed Sir Samuel Hoare, an eminent Party man it is true, against the whole life and safety of the State and Empire, because, as he says, he supported him although he had gone too far as he was an absent colleague. His only consideration was to save the face of the League of Nations. Not the Empire, not the British people, not our safety and protection, no!

We might condole with Sir Samuel Hoare had he shown even a dim grasp of the magnitude of the duty of a Foreign Minister towards the British nation. There is no escaping the fact that these two men show that Britain takes a very back seat in their idea of their duty for which they are paid by the British taxpayer. Well, Sir Samuel Hoare has gone. How long will he be survived by Mr. Baldwin?

Hold on to Cyprus!

By Henry Mercer

"DAME Rumour is oft a lying jade," and in the interests of Government sanity, not to mention Empire safety, it is to be hoped that the ancient Dame is living up to her reputation, for it is impossible to believe that any sane body of men can seriously entertain the suggestion, which recently appeared in certain newspapers, that Great Britain is about to exchange the Island of Cyprus—forming with Malta and Gibraltar, "The Three Sentinels of our Eastern Empire"—for some valueless appendages now under the dominion of Greece.

In the opinion of those who are able to take a statesmanlike view—as distinct from a merely political or party one—such a suggestion is regarded as absolutely unbelievable and—to quote the words of a highly-placed Indian now visiting this country—"it would be nothing short of sheer madness."

Those who—like the writer—have lived "somewhere East of Suez" can only regard such an exchange—a better word would be "Surrender"—of the Island as sacrificing not only our commercial interests, but also the safety and lives of the whole of our Eastern Empire; and even those who have never left the shores of old England, if they glance at the map, will realise the criminal folly of such an act.

KEY TO THE EAST

Gibraltar is rightly regarded as being the key to the Mediterranean and it is equally true that Cyprus is the key to the whole of our Eastern possessions.

Although the Island only became a British Colony less than ten years ago the British connection with it may be said, to date back to 1191 when Richard Cœur de Lion landed his troops there to rescue the Dowager Queen of Italy and her sister—his affianced bride, Berengaria of Navarre—who had been taken prisoners by the islanders and whom, after his victory, he married at Limassol—now one of the principal parts of the Island—crowning her "Queen of the English."

Richard subsequently sold the Island to the Knights Templars and it was not until 1878 that the British flag was again hoisted and a British High Commissioner assumed the Government of the Island, which covers an area of 3,584 square miles and contains a population of about 353,000, mostly engaged in agriculture.

During the last 40 years its economic progress has been remarkable. Imports alone show an increase of over 280 per cent.—42 per cent. of these, valued at £34,000, being obtained from Great Britain. Exports total about £1½ million annually of which 24 per cent., come to this country.

Possibilities of commercial expansion in many directions are numerous and especially as regards

timber, the Island containing over 448,000 acres of forest land, included in which are 250,000 acres covered with the famous Cedar of Paphos. From a commercial point of view alone, therefore, Cyprus is well worth retaining.

VITAL IMPORTANCE

It is, however, from its geographical and strategic position that the Island is of such vital importance to the British Empire.

Situated as it is within a few hundred miles of Alexandria—the gateway of Egypt with its none-too loyal native population—and practically at the entrance to the Suez Canal, the absolute necessity of retaining possession of it should be apparent even to the duller intellect and most short-sighted Member of Parliament. To cede such a position to another Power, however friendly that Power may be at the moment is an act of monumental imbecility especially when it is further remarked that the Island, already on the direct airways from Europe, would form an ideal naval and air base from which large forces—naval and aerial—could easily attack not only Egypt and the Suez Canal, but the farther East portion of our Empire.

"Not once nor twice in our fair Island's story," this policy of "exchange" has proved disastrous and it is the duty of every Member of Parliament to oppose such an act of folly.

Mount Olympus, the fabled home of Jupiter, at whose smile the earth blossomed, is situated in the Island and one can imagine the Olympic Deity again sitting upon his throne with a smile of incredulity upon his countenance at the madness of a nation that is willing to "swop" what might well become the strongest link between East and West for "a mess of pottage."

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

Eve in Paris

CHRISTMAS is gradually becoming, in France, not only a Holy Day of the Church, but a popular festival. December means beautiful firs for sale in the flower-markets, and along the quais; children look forward to their Christmas tree, and gifts, as much as to New Year celebrations and Etrennes, thus benefiting by both Teutonic and Latin custom. It is doubtful when the "Arbre de Noël" was first introduced into France, but the Alsatian Colony, established here after the war of 1870, clung to this and other Germanic traditions, which the French adopted.

* * *

PARISIAN shops are now most attractive to young and old, displaying beautiful clothes, furs, jewelry, "objets d'art," exquisite flowers (fabulously high-priced) and every variety of toy. French workmen excel in toymaking, worth two hundred million francs yearly to the country, though the cheaper kinds are imported, chiefly from Germany to the value of about thirty millions.

Dolls are rather at a discount, even small girls preferring mechanical playthings, motor cars, aeroplanes, engines, trains, and it is hard to get the juveniles away from shop-windows.

The luxury trades, hard hit, had been hoping for a profitable Yule-tide, and New Year. With prospects of a more or less balanced Budget, and votes of confidence in the Premier, public opinion was becoming reassured and it was thought that the Dove of Peace, believed to be busily bearing about olive branches, would inaugurate goodwill among men and bring resulting prosperity. But Mr. Eden's action at Geneva caused consternation, and the timid franc sought a hiding place, fearing Sanctions and War.

* * *

A WELCOME respite was enjoyed from affairs of State by M. Lebrun when, his handsome little grandson in his arms, and Madame Lebrun beside him, he welcomed two hundred children from the schools of Paris to a Christmas entertainment in the Elysée.

It consisted first of a favourite tale, "Riquet à la Houppe," made into a musical play, and acted in the magnificent "Salle des Fêtes," added to the Palace by President Carnot. M. Pierre Humble was responsible for the performance, and his child-players, "le Théâtre de Petit Monde," who draw delighted juvenile audiences every Sunday afternoon to the Salle d'Iéna, were at their best, showing grace and talent, perfectly trained.

When the curtain went down, M. and Madame Lebrun with members of their families talked to the young guests, who later sat down to a banquet which consisted of delicious and (to them) unfamiliar foods.

Then came the climax of a perfect afternoon—an "Arbre de Noël" such as all children see in dreams, and only the wealthy or the fortunate behold in reality. The youngsters held their breath, gazing at the glittering glory of the fairy tree; its branches laden with wonderful things visioned so longingly in shop windows.

* * *

THE constancy of the French Public to its elderly "vedettes" is remarkable. True, the rising generation of playgoers has of late demanded to see youth and beauty, as well as mature (too mature) talent, but managers declare the ripper ladies possess followings, and that they themselves dread new ventures.

At the splendid Gala Performance of "La Nuit des Etoiles" Mistinguett had insisted on appearing beside the organiser, Maurice Chevalier. Faint, perfunctory, applause greeted her turn. Even the marvellous legs (insured for millions) which have been displayed for decades to admiring audiences, failed to excite enthusiasm.

"After this, Miss will surely see the time has come to retire," said a famous critic, and being a kindly soul, he visited the lady to comfort her.

It was unnecessary.

"That was a frost," she said, unconcernedly. "As bad as at the Porte St. Martin, but I expected it," and while her friend admired the actress's fortitude in accepting the inevitable, she continued, "My chiromancer warned me. 'Undertake nothing in 35, 36, 37,' he said 'your good years will be 38 and 39, with 40 triumphal.'"

* * *

BEFORE the dawn on Christmas morning, Paul Bourget, famous writer, Academician, and Doyen of French Men-of-Letters, passed away, aged 83 in his quiet home in Rue Barbet de Jouey. He had lived there for forty years, and declared it was the only remaining street in Paris where birds sang.

His death took place exactly half a century after his first success. "Cruelle Enigme" made him famous, and he conquered forever the larger part of the reading-public, for the women of France acclaimed him as a Master, a psychologist who understood them.

Through his father, a Professor of Mathematics, Bourget came of Auvergne stock; his mother, a Lorrainer, had Teutonic ancestry, and he used to say, "A Germanic poet and philosopher in me conflicts with an analyst of pure and Latin tradition; hence my taste for complex and cosmopolitan culture."

A devout Catholic, Paul Bourget loved law and order, and considered the deep-rooted respect for family life in France to be the nation's strength.

Sanity or Sanctions?

By Robert Machray

NOBODY will state that 1935 was not a year of the deepest anxiety in high politics, for, besides a number of small but disturbing affairs, it contained at least two major international crises. One in March was caused by Hitler's announcement of the rearmament of Germany, despite the Versailles Treaty. The other was occasioned by the Sanctions controversy arising out of the Italo-Abyssinian War, which came into the open at Geneva towards the end of the summer, and most unfortunately is still with us. It is not too much to say that Europe has been on edge most of the year—which looked like closing in confusion and gloom.

With the victory, snatched from the very jaws of defeat, by M. Laval in the Chamber of Deputies last Saturday, the year came to a conclusion in a much less menacing manner than it otherwise would have done. It is interesting to recall that it was owing to this same statesman's prudence and wisdom that the year opened with promise when he and Signor Mussolini signed at Rome the Franco-Italian Agreement, putting an end to a conflict between their countries which had lasted for years. The same prudence and wisdom were conspicuous in the admirable speech he made when his fate hung in the balance.

Europe Relieved

M. Laval's triumph, as considering all the adverse circumstances it undeniably was, has had the instantaneous effect of bringing about a marked decrease of the general tension abroad—the air of relief in most European centres is unmistakable. But his success has by no means pleased the partisans of the League in this country. They hoped and prayed for his defeat. One of the worst things about this phase of the Sanctions crisis has been the truculent attitude shown to Laval by that portion of our Press which shouts for the League on all occasions. It prophesied and exulted in his downfall. Not content with that, it painted the situation in France as catastrophic, and did not hesitate to talk of a revolution! Whereas the truth is that France is stable because of Laval. And so is Europe—at least for the present.

A man of great ability and tenacity of purpose, Laval showed that he had not moved from the position he took up some time ago. He declared he was the friend of England, and placed the highest value on collaboration with her, as he indicated by his reference to the recent contacts between the French and British naval, military and air Staffs. But at the same time he made it perfectly clear that he remained the friend of Italy, and would continue to the utmost his efforts for conciliation and peace. He spoke of other nations both inside and outside the League, but his attention was mainly given to what on the Continent is commonly called the "English-Italian conflict."

And that, of course, led to the envenomed question of the Sanctions, particularly to the projected oil, petrol and other very onerous Sanctions, the application of which the mad devotees of Geneva do not cease to demand. Take, for instance, Lord Cecil of Chelwood. He has found that his favourite prescription for bringing the Ethiopian War to a termination by closing the Canal against Italy has been ruled out by both England and France, and he falls back on the petrol Sanction, whose imposition he urges in an article entitled "Tighten Up the Sinews of Peace," which was published on Monday in the *Daily Herald*. Verily, the League, like misery, "makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows."

What Lord Cecil has specially in mind for tightening is the application of the petrol Sanction "as a really effective measure against the Italian invasion," and he actually seems to believe that Mussolini would yield without further struggle. There is absolutely nothing to support such an idea, but plenty to the contrary. Indeed, that was the burden of the extremely significant speech Sir Samuel Hoare delivered after his resignation; he was convinced that such a turning of the screw would lead to war. War! What about it? Here is how Lord Cecil puts it:

British people would no doubt intensely dislike having to defend themselves against Italian attack. But since the attack would be a reprisal for League action we should have a right under the Covenant to the support of all other members of the League, including France, and we should no doubt receive it.

Absolute Nonsense

"Intensely dislike" is good and so characteristic of the forcible-feebleness of the League champion. But when he goes on to speak of the support we should *no doubt* receive from all the other members of the League, including France, he is talking absolute nonsense—and he knows it, for even he, worshipper as he is of the Geneva fetish, cannot but be aware that the member-State that counts in this grave issue is France and France alone. On Saturday M. Laval took pains to clarify his stand on such a Sanction as Lord Cecil contemplates—Laval will not have it! He will leave it to the decision of the Chamber.

Now, if there is one thing more certain than another it is that public opinion in France has become definitely and increasingly hostile to any extreme action against Italy. This was sufficiently demonstrated when the National Union of ex-Servicemen, upwards of a million strong, passed a resolution declaring not one of them would fight against her. They have the common sense to prefer sanity to Sanctions, and they never forget that, as Laval said, there will be no permanent peace in Europe so long as there is no *rapprochement* between France and Germany. Not Italy, but Germany, preoccupies France.

Baldwin—Jekyll and Hyde

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

KINGS have sacrificed their ministers, and as a result of their weakness have followed those ministers to the block. Let Mr. Baldwin beware lest the sacrifice of one member of his Cabinet is but the prelude to his own, long delayed, downfall, for if history teaches anything it is that the sacrifice of principle to expediency ends in crashing disaster. Even in politics, honesty is the best policy.

During the last few months Mr. Baldwin has essayed a peculiar—but timorous—adventure into dual personality, an adventure which can only be explained by an interpretation of his own statement in the House of Commons that during the last three months he had learned many things. As Mr. Baldwin lives and learns, he makes frightened dashes into the rôle of a Greatheart, only to return as suddenly to that with which we are, alas, only too familiar. And the alternating characters of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde were not more opposed than those of our inconstant Prime Minister.

Immediately before the General Election Mr. Baldwin discovered that our defences were in parlous state and cheered the heart of the country by his solemnly avowed intention of building up to useful strength our Army, our Navy, and our Air Force. True it is that not a few who heard his alarming descriptions of the state of our Fighting Forces itched to ask him with more force than politeness who but himself was mainly responsible for their state, but in the general relief at the prospect of immediate action "to fill the gaps" he was allowed to get away with that—as with so much else.

AFTER VICTORY—DEFEATISM

Mr. Winston Churchill hurried to support him, and Sir Henry Page Croft delivered a surprising tribute. There were strong rumours of right wing Cabinet appointments. Many Conservatives persuaded themselves that Mr. Baldwin had honestly believed in the efficacy of the League of Nations as a preventive of war, and, having lived to learn his mistake, was confessing to it and would henceforth stand as the champion of our Fighting Forces and the Empire's safety. We had our first glimpse of Mr. Greatheart and—though there were those of us who thought it too good to be true—were gladdened accordingly.

But when this impression had served its purpose and contributed so largely to the size of the Government's majority—hey presto! the scene was changed. The League of Nations and sanctions held the stage. There were neither right wing appointments nor complaints by the right wing at its treatment. Mr. Churchill went to Spain. Lord Londonderry vanished from the political scene. In all the weeks since the Election only a tiny

group headed by the Duchess of Atholl has raised a healthy voice. Somehow Mr. Baldwin and Government circles were involved in complete metamorphoses, and managed it without widespread comment.

The weeks passed. Mr. Baldwin had relapsed into his well-known form of following the line of least resistance and of peace at any price, even though political peace at home and security for himself from left wing howlings could only be purchased at the cost, possibly, of a European war. Then, without a second's warning came a bolder dash to his second and newer self. The Peace Proposals were made and at the first hint of trouble were followed by the disgraceful sacrifice of a friend by the man who has so continuously sacrificed his party.

From all this and from his own words, it would seem obvious that Mr. Baldwin's position has taught him truths he has not the courage to voice aloud, and toward which he makes these jerky, futile attempts—attempts which must develop into full and true purpose, or he will follow Sir Samuel Hoare in far less honourable fashion.

NOT HONEST ENOUGH

For the attempt at a return to sane foreign policy which the peace proposals embodied failed for but one reason—they were not honest enough. In a sentence: honesty in the present situation involves the admission that the League of Nations is so much humbug; that it is far more likely to provoke war than to preserve peace, and that it is based upon completely unreal conceptions.

Unless this hard fact is admitted and expounded the peace proposals *deserve* the storm of derision they provoked in certain quarters. If nations are equal, as the form and formalities of the League of Nations implies, then to suggest the partitioning of Abyssinia—and to suggest it before the aggressor is even possessed of a complete triumph of arms—is, to put it mildly, a complete affront to all decency. But if, as we know to be true, nations are very far from equal, and if, as is also the case, it is a fundamental of history that civilisation grows only by the dominance and extension of the advanced Powers, then the League of Nations is an affront to commonsense and a death trap to international security.

Until Mr. Baldwin boldly proclaims these obvious truths his Cabinet and himself are in danger—facts which may weigh more strongly with our professional politicians than the danger to the Empire. For they dare not return to their pre-election policy of the Eden stampede about Europe, and they cannot turn to the right path without first admitting the truth we have outlined.

Mr. Baldwin has lived and learned—but has he the honesty to pass on his lesson?

RACING

New Year Prospects

By David Learmonth

IT is good news that, in spite of difficulties to which I have previously referred, we are to have more fixtures immediately before Christmas next year. Twelve days without racing of any sort is far too long, and, though it is true that the weather was in some measure responsible, this is a time of year when we expect to lose some days through frost, which is all the more reason why fixtures should not be few and far between.

The long spell of inactivity put backers all at sea, not so much because of the lack of racing as because trainers in many parts of the country had been unable to work their horses as they would have wished, with the result that many candidates at Kempton and Newbury, which on previous form had excellent chances of winning, faded out of the picture when three parts of the journey had been covered.

This is a common hazard for backers under National Hunt rules and may be one of Nature's compensations; for form, strange as it may seem, actually works out truer over obstacles than is does on the flat. On the other hand, the average price of winners is a good deal shorter, so that one has to get a larger percentage of them to break even than one does under Jockey Club rules.

It is strange what an unlucky course for Percy Woodland Hurst Park is. Le Petit Pierrot, who looked like a real good one on the day, was recently disqualified there in circumstances that many people considered extremely unlucky. I remember some years ago Winnall, trained by him, was disqualified after finishing first in the four mile Grand National Trial Steeplechase when many good judges thought he should have retained the spoils, while the previous day the rider of another horse trained by him objected to the winner, but was over-ruled, though the bookmakers were betting odds on him getting the race. I am not saying, mind you, that the stewards were wrong. But these things are so much matters of individual opinion that the results of these three objections might easily have gone the other way.

Easy Money

There was an amusing sequel to the objection to Le Petit Pierrot. Many people did not realise that an objection had been lodged and tore up their bookmaker's tickets and discarded their totalisator tickets. One tipster whose face is familiar to racegoers reaped quite a harvest by collecting discarded tote tickets on Don Bosco which finished second and presenting them when he was awarded the race. So I suppose it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good!

The fact that so many people did not trouble to look at the number board and note that the objection flag had been hoisted has been made the subject of attack on the executive, and the desirability of installing loud speakers similar to those at

Northolt Park, to inform the public of what has happened, has been stressed.

Personally I think this is carrying matters too far. It is true that they would be an added amenity, but that such things are necessary I cannot agree. It must be remembered that Northolt Park, when it started, catered very largely for a new public which knew nothing about racing. The public which patronises the sport under National Hunt and Jockey Club rules is supposed to, and does, know something about the game and, as things are at present, it cannot be considered a hardship to have to look for the flag.

The Refreshment Racket

If, however, a considered effort were made, as it ought to be made, to attract new patrons, then I would certainly advocate that things should be made as easy as possible for them and that loud speakers should be installed. But I do not think that such an innovation would lead to any increase in attendances until racing is made cheaper and the stands and catering arrangements on many courses are improved. Four shillings and sometimes more for an almost uneatable lunch, served by a cross between a beggar and a brigand, is enough to deter anybody.

Reference to Northolt Park reminds me that pony racing will be greatly extended next season. The Chelmsford Steeplechase course has been taken over and new stands, which are to be up to Northolt standards, will be built there, while arrangements have been completed for another course in Lancashire. These extensions are said to be only the forerunners of further ventures.

I must confess to a feeling of regret that the Chelmsford steeplechases are to be no more. The meeting was not an old one—it was started after the war—but it was picturesque, as it will no doubt continue to be, and seemed particularly to lend itself to a small country jumping meeting.

One of the charms of Chelmsford to the country-bred National Hunt enthusiast was its very rusticity. One did not expect first class sport there, neither did one expect palatial stands. The picnic atmosphere was, in fact, one of the great attractions. One took one's lunch with one and if one had some bottles in one's car it was a pleasure to entertain one's friends to a drink.

There is no doubt, however, that if one wants to attract the new public one must provide solid comfort and must be prepared to spend a good deal of money. This new public has not the old-fashioned country traditions and is not prepared to rough it, particularly in districts comparatively close to London and in the neighbourhood of large towns. Further, cheap indoor amusements such as the cinema to say nothing of such pastimes as watching football or playing golf provide much more serious competition than used to be the case.

The Warm Man

By Dan Russell

OLD Ephraim Small lives by himself in a cottage on the hillside above the village. He has about two acres of ground on which he grows vegetables and raises chickens. He has, I suppose, about five hundred birds which provide him with a fair living. Every week you will see him driving in to market with a pile of table-chickens, eggs and vegetables. A sober, hard working little man is Ephraim, whom everybody respects, but mixed with that respect is a certain amount of fear for Ephraim is what is known as a warm man.

"Cunning as ole Master Reynolds 'e be" they will tell you. And, indeed, they are right, for Ephraim in his younger days was a mighty poacher and the terror of the countryside.

THE SILENT RAIDER

There had been an epidemic of chicken stealing. Every week, all over the county, hen-roosts were broken open and the birds taken. The police were powerless; patrols were doubled, but still the robbery continued. Silently the raider came and silently he vanished, leaving bare hen-houses and a few scattered feathers to tell the tale. Stories went round of a gang from town operating in a motor car, but they were only rumours.

After the twelfth robbery Old Ephraim began to worry. So far his birds had not been raided, but it was clearly time to take precautions. He had no dog and did not propose to buy one. He filled his pipe, sat upon an upturned bucket and thought. For a long time he sat there, then he tapped out his pipe and rose with a grin upon his face. "I count that 'ud fix 'un" he muttered and stumped off to feed his precious chickens.

That afternoon he harnessed his pony and drove to the market town. He left his trap in the market place and walked on foot through back-alleys until he came to the side-door of a public house. He knocked upon the door and was admitted by the red-faced landlord.

"What can I do for 'ee Master Small?"

Ephraim explained in a cautious voice. When he had finished the landlord burst out laughing. "By golly you're a warm 'un," he shouted, "Coorse yew can 'ave one; just wait a minute."

He went out. In a short time he returned with a sack in which something moved and struggled.

"There yew be," he cried, "an' the Lord 'elp anyone who comes in yore 'en-'ouse."

Ephraim thanked him and silver passed between them. He slung the sack over his shoulder and returned to his trap.

When he got home he dumped the sack on the ground and opened the neck. Very cautiously he inserted his hand and seized what was inside. Then with his free hand he drew a small velvet case from his pocket. Inside were two slim,

razor-edged blades of the finest sword-steel. He took these blades and worked in silence for a few minutes. Then he took the bag over to the hen-house. Gingerly he shook the sack into the house until he heard its occupant break free. Then he locked the door. That night he drove his hens into one of the outhouses. Then he went indoors to await the coming of the thief. For seven days nothing happened.

The eighth night was dark and windy. Scudding clouds obscured the moon and a light rain fell. Old Ephraim retired to bed at nine o'clock and slept. At twelve o'clock a small motor car drew up at the road-side a quarter of a mile from the farm. A man got out and peered round "All right," he whispered. "He's gone to bed. I sha'n't be long. Keep the engine running." He moved cautiously along the cart-track which led to Ephraim's house. Save for the wailing of the wind all was quiet. The man reached the hen-house and stopped to listen. No suspicious sound was to be heard. There was a click of metal as he worked on the flimsy padlock; then the door swung open. He went inside and shut the door behind him. The hen-house was as black as pitch.

With hands outstretched, the thief moved forward feeling for his prey. Suddenly he touched a warm, feathered body. He grabbed at it and secured a leg. Then he screamed in agony. No sooner had he touched that leg than a searing pain ran through his wrist. He released his hold and cursed as he heard the blood dripping to the floor.

FEATHERED FURY

Then there was a sound of rustling feathers and something sprang in his face, something which buffeted him with its wings and struck at him with its claws. One stroke laid open his cheek from eye to chin. Another ripped through his sleeve and gashed his forearm to the bone. Under that fierce attack the man cowered and turned to run, but that unseen devil of the hen-house slashed at the back of his neck with those keen-edged talons. The thief fell against the door and passed through. It swung to behind him. Sobbing and stumbling he staggered drunkenly back towards the car. The blood streamed down his face and neck and left a red trail upon the ground.

Next morning Old Ephraim was early astir. He saw the gouts of blood upon the ground and grinned wickedly.

"I count 'ee got a proper welcome," he said. He threw open the door of the hen-house. "Come on out then," he called.

Out into the bright sunshine stepped a feathered gladiator, that most redoubtable of warriors, an Old English Gamecock. Strapped to his heels were the two slim fighting-spurs of steel which bore upon them stains of blood.

As I told you Ephraim Small is a warm man.

THE JOY BELLS AND MOSCOW

WHILE the British people become more and more confused, puzzled, and even suspicious of the Government's policy, the joy bells are ringing in Moscow, for the chaotic muddle in British politics has brought Russia not one step, but many steps nearer her long desired goal of Bolshevising the world.

There is no secret about this; the Comintern have, over and over again, published their intentions of spreading Bolshevik revolutions throughout the world, and, though they may perfidiously contradict it, there is undeniable and infallible proof that the Comintern is subsidised by the Soviet Government. And, above all other countries in this respect, the U.S.S.R. has its greedy, rapacious eyes fixed on the British Empire. The Manifesto, published by the Comintern in the Spring, gives an illuminating insight into the methods which are to be pursued in Bolshevising England, the liquidation—or murder—of the Royal Family, the confiscation of all private property, the destruction of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force! Our virtuous ecclesiastics, and the kind, but ignorant, British public have given Moscow every help, every sympathy in carrying out these worthy ambitions. And one can only ask oneself vainly and desperately why it is that the people of this country are so set and determined to rush to destruction.

ROAD TO DESTRUCTION

When the Hoare-Laval Peace Proposals crashed to earth and Mr. Baldwin, who had at first given them his support, repudiated them and demanded the resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare, Moscow openly rejoiced at the loss of British prestige in Europe, and the big advance made towards the final ruin of the British Empire.

The British public are entirely ignorant of the secret history behind the failure of the Peace Plans, and the fall of Sir Samuel Hoare, but Moscow, which had with demoniacal cleverness, engineered the crises, chuckled grimly over the success of Litvinoff's well-laid schemes.

It may be remembered that, in the intervening days, between the Government's acceptance of the Peace Proposals and their sudden *volte face*, Mr. Anthony Eden had paid

one of his periodical visits to Geneva. His trusted friend and adviser, Litvinoff, was not there at the time—he was indeed very cleverly keeping out of the limelight—but his representatives and satellites were there, and were well primed as to the advice they were to pass on to Mr. Eden. Mr. Baldwin himself has acknowledged that a "leakage" took place in

By

Meriel Buchanan

the Peace Proposals, Litvinoff was therefore fully cognisant of what they contained, and had had ample time to think them over carefully. The last thing in the world which he desired was any sort of agreement between England and Mussolini, and so, through his minions at Geneva, he passed on his instructions to Mr. Eden. "Go back to England,"



ANTHONY EDEN AND LITVINOFF

ARE RINGING IN SCOW

he told him, "Go back and say, 'Hoare must go and I must be made Foreign Secretary.'"

No doubt this advice fell in with Mr. Eden's own inclinations, and, as one of his accomplishments is influencing old men, he at once tackled Mr. Baldwin on his return to England, and cleverly worked on the feelings of the Conservative Members in the House, succeeding in his task, even more easily than anybody at first believed possible.

The suggestion that Mr. Eden, a young man to whose inexperience and tactlessness the present situation is very largely due, should become Foreign Secretary, was at first considered quite preposterous, and it was generally hoped and believed that Sir Austen Chamberlain, or some other tried and experienced leader, would take over the Foreign Office till Mr. Eden had gained (if it be possible) the age, the discretion, the judgment and knowledge necessary for so responsible a post. But the power of Bolshevism is apparently so supreme in England that all scruples, all bygone traditions were ruthlessly thrown to the wind, and this young man, so obviously

Litvinoff's mouthpiece—was made Foreign Secretary at a moment when the country is facing the gravest, the most vital crises in all her history.

And now, having displaced Sir Samuel Hoare and succeeded in making Mr. Eden Foreign Secretary, Litvinoff is turning his attention to Africa, for it is obvious that the Peace terms put forward by the Emperor Haile Sellasie are once more the work of the arch intriguer and schemer from the Kremlin. Take, for instance, Clause IV which suggests the "Delimitation of the frontiers between Abyssinia and the Italian colonies by an International Commission appointed by the League." Even the Emperor cannot desire such an interference, but it must be remembered that Russia—as well as England—has her eyes on the Abyssinian Oil Concessions, and a Commission, appointed by the League, would certainly be dominated either by Litvinoff or his representatives, and in this way Russia would obtain conditions advantageous to herself. Abyssinia knows that she has Geneva behind her, she knows that the present Foreign Secretary in England is a devoted and violent propagandist of the League, and she is becoming daily more insolent, more extortionate in her demands, so that the far, faint hope of a peaceful settlement becomes more and more distant and remote.

TELL THEM THE TRUTH!

As long, indeed, as Mr. Eden reigns in the Foreign Office, there can be very little hope of peace, for this *effete* man who, this week takes possession of the room occupied by so many great Foreign Secretaries of the past, has been cleverly hoodwinked by the Soviet and is bound to carry out their wishes.

It is time the people of this country were told the truth. Time their eyes should be opened to the supreme influence exercised by Litvinoff. The British public has been fooled, humbugged, deceived long enough. Any-one who, like this paper, tries to tell the truth, runs the risk of being immediately banned, but nevertheless the *Saturday Review* has never ceased to expose corruption and iniquity, and it calls on the people of England to awake and demand the resignation of the men who are placing the country under the domination of Moscow.



N AND LITVINOFF IN MOSCOW

Centenaries of 1936

By H. T. Kirby

THE due observance of centenaries is, we are inclined to think—in the words of “1066 and All That!”—a Good Thing. During a man’s life and for some time after his death, his work is apt to be either grossly overpraised or passed almost unregarded. But after the passage of a hundred years proper values have been established; the previously neglected or forgotten are often reinstated, whilst the favourites of yesterday are not infrequently found to be of little permanent worth. Centenaries therefore, serve somewhat as an acid test, and in any case their keeping is very English. Even if a paper has to be read by a learned professor, the “Common Man” knows that suitable eating and drinking will follow the spoken celebration!

Nineteen-hundred and thirty-six will be rich in these corrective anniversaries, the centenaries ranging the wide fields of literature, politics, science and art. Amongst the literary figures to be commemorated should be mentioned that stalwart Victorian, Sir Walter Besant (b. 1836) who though not much read nowadays as to his novels (in which he often collaborated with James Rice) still has a place in the antiquary’s heart by reason of his monumental work on London—a book as great in bulk as it is in erudition. Contemporary with Besant was Theodore Watts-Dunton, who, trained in law, deserted it for letters. For many years he was on the staff of the *Athenæum* as chief critic of poetry. To-day he is only remembered by his novel “Aylwin,” which is assured of permanence.

Law and Laughter

Humour is recalled in the persons of Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir F. Burnand (both b. 1836). Gilbert wrote the libretti of the inimitable Savoy operas, but also earned considerable fame by the popular “Bab Ballads,” which originally appeared as a periodical contribution to *Fun*. He did not always get on so well with his co-partner Sullivan, as the association of names suggest. Burnand is identified with *Punch*, whose policy, as editor, he directed for some twenty-five years. Perhaps his early legal studies helped to polish his wit, for there always seems a close affinity between law and laughter. As a playwright, his burlesque “Black Eyed Susan” had a great reception, whilst “Happy Thoughts”—first published in *Punch*—was many times reissued. George Colman, the younger (b. 1836) also wrote comic verse, but it was mainly of coarse texture. He achieved too, some fame as a dramatist.

Poetical anniversaries are of a definitely minor character, Pennell, (b. 1836) and Mayne (d. 1836) being the only representatives. Henry Cholomondely Pennell published several volumes, but his “Puck on Pegasus” (which ran into four or five editions) is the only poem now encountered.

Even this, too, probably owes its life to the attractive illustrations of John Leech. John Mayne (a Scot) scribbled lyrics in the time spared from his labours as newspaper-editor-proprietor, but although his verse was commended by both Scott and Burns, it has failed to survive.

Women by no means lack celebration. In 1836 died the great singer Malibran, who was the sister of the famous Garcia (responsible for training both Jenny Lind and Santley). Taking Pasta’s place in the “Barber” at a moment’s notice, she made a London début at the early age of 17. This success initiated a career of world-wide acclamation, for—unlike so many operatic stars—she was as capable an actress as she was vocalist. After being divorced from her banker-husband, Malibran, she married the Belgian violinist, Charles de Bériot.

A Woman Pioneer

Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, (b. 1836), should be particularly regarded by the emancipated woman of to-day, for she was probably the first of her sex to enter the previously closely-guarded profession of medicine. She experienced the greatest difficulty in securing the necessary training, and even greater trouble in obtaining diplomas after qualifying. Her M.D. degree was finally secured in Paris. Though the pioneer work she did will perhaps never be really understood, it is pleasant to know that her name still lives in the “Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital in London.”

Two artists saw the light a century ago. They were Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema and Sir E. J. Poynter. Both were R.A.’s, and Poynter later became one of the directors of the National Gallery. Specimens of their work appears in the principal galleries, but the classical themes towards which they were both drawn do not appeal strongly to modern taste.

John Loudon Macadam will never be forgotten for his name has passed into the idioms of our speech, “Macadam” being a type of road-surface first invented by him. Macadam did yeomen work in replanning the roads of this country, and should be gratefully remembered by all travellers. For information as to his specialised activities, reference should be made to “A Practical Essay on the Scientific Repair and Preservation of Roads” (1819) and “Present State of Road-making” (1820). Macadam was appointed a general surveyor of roads in 1827.

Astronomy was the life-work of both Lockyer and Pond. Sir Norman Lockyer (b. 1836) was President of the British Association in 1903-4. He wrote valuable books on his subject, but John Pond (d. 1836) who was also addicted to watching the stars, must have been somewhat of a prodigy,

for he corrected some errors of Greenwich observation at the youthful age of 15! His "Catalogue of 1,113 Stars," published in 1833, was considered a singularly accurate compilation.

In political circles the greatest centenary will be that of the Imperialist, Joseph Chamberlain (b.1836), whose eye-glass was as well-known to an earlier generation as Mr. Baldwin's pipe is to this. With such a distinguishing ornament, he must have been a veritable treasure to the cartoonist. Although not a Midlander, he made a fortune in Birmingham (from screws) and his family have

ever since been connected with that great city. Only a little less famous was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (b. 1836) who served in several Ministries, finally becoming Prime Minister. He did valuable work in many directions, especially perhaps in South Africa, and the first real struggle between the two Houses of Parliament took place during his régime.

This brief list does not pretend to exhaust the anniversaries of 1936, but it may serve to indicate that there will be ample opportunity for commemoration during the coming year; also too, for reassessment and revaluation.

Snow in the Marshes

Wraiths of Old Encounters

By the Hon. R. P. de Grey

I WAS walking lately on the sea wall along that stretch of Essex coast that lies between the estuaries of Crouch and Blackwater. At any time it is a queer, isolated bit of country, empty save for an occasional farm or little herd of cattle; but that day with a flurry of snow swirling across its face and a north wind hissing through the grasses, it was inspiring in its desolation. Towards the sea lay a sodden reach of marsh, riddled with brackish pools and occasional creeks that crept to the feet of the sea-wall; unpeopled save by gulls and other sea-fowl, whose cries alone disturbed the silence of their kingdom.

Behind me, over London—(could that be only fifty miles away?)—the sun was going down, scarlet and magical. The snow-clouds billowed round his face as though to smother him; but as he sank he flung them back his radiance, so that they hung transformed and beautified.

Before me stood one small and solitary building, the very object of my pilgrimage, bold and bare upon the sea-wall. It looked like a barn, squat, square, featureless; the sort of house a child might draw, and then forget to add the chimneys. And, indeed, it has been a barn in its time. It is the chapel of St. Peter's on the Walls, built about 660 by St. Cedd, the first bishop of the East Saxons. It is the second oldest church in England; and for 1,300 years, upon this utmost end of English earth, it has faced, unmoved, the fury of the gales and the misuse or indifference of men.

Gateway of a Roman Port

Nor is this all the history that it has to offer. Old as it is, the site on which it stands is older still; for it is built straight across what was once the main gateway of a Roman fort, Othona of the Saxon shore. You cannot see Othona now, save for a fragment of the western rampart. Much of it has been devoured by the sea; the rest is lost beneath a shroud of grass. But built into St. Peter's walls you may read a message from that remoter past—the scores of Roman bricks and tiles, which Cedd and his helpers gathered from

the ruined barracks round about them and worked into the structure of their church.

Here is a symbol indeed. The new England, the new Europe, so lately Pagan, borrowing, as it builds, something at least from the wreckage of that tremendous Empire that had been destroyed.

As night came down, I stood within the darkened chapel. The wind howled about the roof; the snow-flakes swirled into the open door, and then I thought that wind and snow were other forms and voices, Roman and Saxon striving by the sea, the wraiths of old encounter evermore, surging about the places where they died.

A Monstrous Supper

So I left them, taking the road to Bradwell Quay. In the darkness overhead, the fighting duck were going by in scores, that thrilling "pi-wi-wi-wi!" of their wings raised by a sharp "tap-ap!" as they swerved at some unseen alarm; and at that excellent hostelry, the "Green Man," I wrought my will upon a monstrous supper. Cold pork and bread and pickles, beer and much tobacco, consumed before a prince of open fires, these things go passing well, after four hours of snow among the marshes. And what a gathering is there; big men, straight from marsh or tideway, each with his pint of beer, a very English company.

There sits a fair-haired fellow full of harsh humour, and with a sparkling blue eye; his fathers came ashore here with Cnut. Here's a brown-headed, brown-eyed Saxon, slow of speech, bred of the very bone of Essex earth. There's a bearded seafarer, talking to a lean fellow with "fowler" writ all over him. Others are playing dominoes, or cribbage. It is Saturday night, and this is their club; and the grinding Essex speech rolls on and on, touching on everything that makes their world. They are the salt of the earth, these men. It is good to be with them, here in the warm. Better than on the ramparts of Othona, peering through driving snow in the fear of a Saxon raid. How sleeps St. Cedd to-night? I fear a little coldly, so far out on the marshes. Give me the Green Man! Bring me another pint!

CORRESPONDENCE

Resign, Mr. Baldwin!

SIR,—From the statement made in the second column of page 12 of the *Morning Post* of the 21st December, it would seem that Mr. Baldwin is in doubt as to the feelings of the public on the question of the retention by him of the Premiership and Leadership of the Conservative Party.

Let us then help him to realise the position by writing our opinion quite plainly. This is mine, and I believe that every patriot in the kingdom will subscribe to it:

- 1.—We do not want as Prime Minister and Leader of the Conservative Party the man who, on the 28th November, 1934, made the amazingly inaccurate statement that Mr. Baldwin made in regard to the relative air strength of Germany and Britain, and thereby misled the people in a matter of the gravest importance to the Empire.
- 2.—We do not want as Prime Minister and Leader of the Conservative Party the man who, during the course of the debates on the India Bill, made the amazingly inaccurate statement which Mr. Baldwin made in regard to the views of the Indian civilians on the White Paper proposals; and
- 3.—We should not suffer any longer to remain as Leader of the Conservative Party and Prime Minister a man who, on the 19th December, 1935, stood in a white sheet in the House of Commons and, admitting a grave error of judgment, described the blundering inefficiency of the policy conducted by himself, which has made us the laughing stock, not only of Italy, but of the world.

An admission and an apology of this sort was calculated to disarm criticism and anger. The astuteness of the move cannot be denied; but we should be on our guard lest "Silly Sentiment" should once again rob us of an opportunity of getting rid of a dangerous politician, whose place most certainly is neither that of the Leader of the Conservative Party nor of the first Minister of the Crown.

Sentiment wrecked the Carlton House meeting and most unhappily gave Mr. Baldwin another lease of political life. Let us be careful to see it does not again do us irreparable damage.

Time was when we saw chalked up on London walls and pavements the letters "B.M.G." (Baldwin Must Go). May we not hope to see them again?

F. MACDONALD.

70, Chaussée de Charleroi,
Brussels, Belgium.

Our Source of Supplies

SIR,—It is most heartening to read Lady Houston's articles in the *Saturday Review*. When our leaders are displaying cowardice and chicanery in the face of the Internationalist enemy it is fine to think that an Englishwoman is standing by her faith in the English people.

I would go further than Lady Houston has gone—although one realises that it is difficult enough to lead our sheepish leaders even that far—and say that the bulwarks of our Islands are really where our supplies come from and it is vital that we look to our bases in Africa, the Indian Ocean, and on the islands in between.

Mr. Douglas Hacking, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, seems to be the only member of the Government who has come out with something really useful and constructive. The Empire Settlement Board is as vital to the security of the Empire as our armed forces. I only hope that the *Saturday Review* will support that body and press for its powers to be increased and divorced from interference from molly-coddling old muddlers who seem to be scared of their own shadows.

M. HILL (Col.).

Park Lane Court, Park Lane, W.

An Appeal to Conservatives

SIR,—May I congratulate you on the splendid work your paper is doing? And perhaps you may be prepared to publish the following appeal to all true Conservatives:

"You fellow Conservatives, have you no courage? Have you no spirit? Have you no enterprise? Are you prepared to take this latest affront lying down? Be not afraid of false prophets in high places, follow the shining examples of Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Bonar Law in 1922. Arise in your might, cut adrift from these unholy alliances, and cast out from your midst those who are not true to real Conservative principles and the Conservative love of fair play.

"Show justice, but not weakness!"

SCORPIO.

Campden Hill, W.8.

The Sign of the Cloven Hoof

SIR,—I have never believed in Mr. Baldwin. At the moment I first saw his portrait with that pipe in his mouth I said to myself, "That man will do no good; he is either a self-indulgent, flabby fellow, or is playing to the gallery." A British Premier, pipe in mouth, is like the King of France with the red Cap of Liberty on his head.

I cannot suggest a substitute. Democracy in Britain (like the French democracy of 1789) is using up its leaders fast. I have seen Gladstone and Lord Salisbury; now the rising sun (or setting sun) is Mr. Eden. It is like the drop from Mirabeau to St. Just, and as likely to end in a blood-bath.

W. H. ADAMS.

Canterbury.

Oppose the MacDonalds

SIR,—With the decision of Ramsay and his son Malcolm to contest seats, the question comes to the forefront of ending the anomaly of Ministers rejected by constituencies being put into the Government even temporarily.

To allow the Premier to do so is the negation of fair play and strikes a blow at the vote, which in this country is a democratic one.

To oppose both these men is essential. They are neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring in the political sense, when the Government is so strongly Conservative and the electorate who returned Mr. Baldwin & Co. are so overwhelmingly keen on maintaining the principles of Conservatism.

FIGHT ON.

London.

A Golden Opportunity

SIR,—A golden opportunity has arisen to keep out both MacDonalds—and never mind the risk of letting the Socialists win two more seats.

Some years ago Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen was kept out of Parliament, although the Conservative Leader had made him Minister of Agriculture. Let the electors have a free hand and show the country that they are men and women opposed to carpet-baggers.

Regarding the Scottish University seat, there would seem to have been some backstairs arrangement with certain persons. Why should graduates be asked to vote for a pure politician who has no profound knowledge?

Mr. Baldwin was the opposer of the proportional representation scheme suggested some years ago in Parliament to allow voters a better chance of recording effectively their votes. He also opposed the alternate vote system.

If either of these had been made law, neither of the MacDonalds would ever have been elected in 1931.

There is no excuse for allowing Malcolm MacDonald a Cabinet seat to-day. He might try Chelsea, should Sir Samuel Hoare go into the House of Lords; but a Conservative would beat him easily.

It is the duty of all true Conservatives to see candidates are run against both MacDonalds.

JOHN A. SETON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Heading for War

SIR,—Why are we interfering in the Abyssinian dispute with Italy?

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in a speech, said that sanctions on oil would be applied, I suppose to pacify the madmen who are pressing the matter. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden are the leaders of this madness, and the rest of the Cabinet will follow like a lot of sheep—and all this in the face of the fact that our defences are in a deplorable condition.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain actually admitted in his speech that such a state of affairs was criminal. Why in the last three years did not Mr. Baldwin and the Cabinet rectify this state of affairs?

Instead they schemed by every tricky method they could think of to push through Ramsay MacDonald's Labour-Socialist Indian Bill. Now that our meddlesome policy has rendered us liable to be attacked, we have to go with cap in hand to ask a few small nations who have not got a dozen ships between them to lend us assistance. What a sorry sight to see the prestige of England so lowered and placed in such an ignominious position simply to gratify the madness of a number of cheapjack politicians!

I think it opportune to draw the politicians' attention to Chapter II, St. Luke, in which they will see what a man of far greater power of vision and common sense than they ever will have, said:

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are in peace: but when a stronger man than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me scattereth."

WATCHMAN.

St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Do We Want the League?

SIR,—At this season of "goodwill" the League of Nations has succeeded very successfully in creating throughout the Continent of Europe bitterness, hatred, enmities and suspicion, together with the breaking of old and well-tested ties of unity and friendship. It is therefore permissible to ask what concrete good results the League and its supporters are able to show to their credit on the other side of the balance.

The Government, who are now standing in white sheets as penitents, plead that an unexpected and overwhelming wave of outraged "public opinion" has forced them to adopt that undignified and humiliating position.

As a matter of fact, true "public opinion" has so far neither been asked for nor received. I assert that if and when it should be honestly asked for, the reply will be the reverse of that which they seem to imagine it to be.

HENRY FORTESCUE (Colonel).

The Bridge House, Weybridge.

The League and Oil Sanctions

SIR,—Sir Samuel Hoare, in the debate on the Hoare-Laval peace proposals, emphasised the then immediate danger of war with Italy and said: (1) "You cannot have a 100 per cent. peace if you have only got 5 per cent. co-operation that goes to the making of it"; (2) "Not a ship, not a machine, not a man has been moved by any other member State."

Great Britain alone has taken action and, at great expense to her taxpayers, has sent warships to the Mediterranean and taken naval and military precautions in that area. Oil sanctions have been shelved; but only for a time. The League of Nations Union and the fire-eating Socialists will again organise pressure on Members of Parliament to enforce oil sanctions through the League.

Before discussing oil sanctions it is imperative that Great Britain should insist on putting into operation Clause 16 of the Covenant, and press the Council of the

League to act under Clause 16, and inform the several Governments concerned "what military, naval and air forces members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the Covenant." This part of the clause has been consistently ignored by the Council.

Each country voting for oil sanctions should be informed by the Council of the military contribution expected of it if war with Italy results from their voting for such sanctions, and such vote should be accompanied by a pledge of military assistance, otherwise such vote is irresponsible and involves the nation voting in no material responsibility.

Some such restraining influence is absolutely necessary, as the representatives of the small nations will vote for oil sanctions, influenced by fear of annexation by some great Power in the future; and with a view to creating a precedent for future protection of their country.

They thus take the risk of war breaking out between Great Britain and Italy and leaving us to fight their battle while they stand aside considering only their future safety.

After Litvinoff's outburst in the League Assembly, abusing it for slackness in enforcing sanctions, it is obvious that his aim and object is war with Italy and a European conflagration, and the break-up of the Capitalist system. Soviet Russia, above all, ought to be bound and pledged as to its contribution under Clause 16 of the Covenant in men, material and finance if its representative votes for oil and military sanctions against Italy and war results from such voting.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[We have consistently pointed out in the *Saturday Review* that Litvinoff's sole object is to promote a European conflagration and then to attempt to destroy the capitalist system.—ED.]

Our Absurd Calendar

SIR,—There will be $1\frac{1}{2}$ more working days in 1936 than in 1935. All except three of the months will have from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ days less or more. No two consecutive months will have the same number of working days, the quarters will vary from $68\frac{1}{2}$ to $71\frac{1}{2}$ working days, and the first half year will have two fewer days than the second.

These discrepancies are not caused by Leap Year. They are due solely to the quite needless absurdity of a calendar which was devised by Julius Caesar, freakishly altered by the Emperor Augustus, and never adjusted to modern needs.

One glaring defect of the Calendar we use and tolerate is that it makes accurate statistical comparisons impossible. In the last issued Board of Trade Monthly Returns it is stated: "Comparison with the preceding month is disturbed by the fact that November had one working day fewer than October." These returns show a 1.4 per cent. decline in exports, which is completely illusory; had the months been of equal working length the export figures would show not a decline of 1.4 but an increase of 2.6 per cent. Nearly every monthly statistical report for the coming year will be equally misleading.

The remedy is simple, and many industrial and religious organisations have long been pressing for an equal-quarter twelve-month calendar (including a Fixed Easter). Twenty years ago Daylight Saving was derided because it was a new idea. To-day nobody would dream of abolishing it. It will be the same with the Calendar Reform—but public opinion must not confuse the simple "equal-quarter" reform with the comic scheme for having thirteen months.

T. B. PARRY ROBINSON.

[This, of course, is a splendid idea. It would mean a fixed Derby.—ED.]

MOTORING

Arresting Expansion

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

EVEN allowing for the fact that the chief executive of a company always expresses publicly a hopeful view of the future, there is without doubt a genuine looking-forward to even better times on the part of manufacturers of motor cars and accessories.

Thus the contention of the general manager of the Wolseley company that last year was not in reality a boom year, but only a normal year under stable conditions has a lot of truth in it and it seems reasonable to suppose that with the Socialists out of office for another five years at least trade should expand more and more.

Mr. Geoffrey Burton, the managing director of the Daimler, Lanchester, B.S.A., combine, however, sounds a note of warning. After referring to the possibility that trade might be dislocated by the international situation he deplores "the apparent blindness of the Government towards the real needs and importance of road transportation in all its forms," and he adds that though our statesmen may not be able to avoid the consequences of the first of these two factors, it is not only possible, but imperative that they should attend to the second.

These are grave words; but they are no less true. At present the motorist is made for the law. He is the victim of prejudice and of a chaotic set of rules and regulations and every petty hireling of the State is against him.

Only recently a motorist was censured by an official responsible directly to the Crown *for not having broken the law!* That a person in such a position of responsibility should have seen fit to address to a motorist so irresponsible a remark is proof of the current bureaucratic feeling which permits any doctor without a practice or pettifogging attorney to make abusive remarks to motorists, without thought and on the spur of the moment, which they would not dare to make to anybody else.

I tremble to think of the chaos there would be if the precedent were established that motorists should override the law at their discretion. There would soon be no law and order in the country at all. On the other hand there is no doubt that some of the regulations imposed on motorists are more calculated to bring about an increase in accidents than a diminution.

The law prohibiting the sounding of horns in towns after eleven o'clock at night is a case in point. Everyone has known for a long time that it was bound to kill somebody sooner or later and most people were very surprised that the first accident directly attributed to it should have happened only some ten days ago. If this law is observed—and it is contrary to all ideas of public policy to recommend that it should not be—there will be a lot more deaths before it is repealed, as ultimately, I feel convinced it will be.

The motorist has contributed as much, if not more, to the revival of industry than any class of the community. While the reckless and drunken ones should be exacerbated the others should be given fair play.



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New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

COVENTRY PATMORE must be accounted a minor poet for all that "The Angel in the House" and "The Unknown Eros" achieved for him in his lifetime a fame little below that of Tennyson.

Yet his life and that of his father Peter George Patmore have much of interest for posterity because of the literary circles in which they respectively moved; in the one case that of Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, in the other that of Hazlitt, Lamb and Leigh Hunt.

And one may be grateful for the careful research undertaken by Coventry's great-grandson, Mr. Derek Patmore, in re-telling the stories of these two lives, since it has resulted in a truly fascinating and informative book ("Portrait of My Family," Cassell, illustrated, 10s. 6d.).

It is with a light touch and a strong sense of humour and proportion that Mr. Derek Patmore fills in his "Portrait" for us, as may be judged by the following passage:—

"The Patmores have never fully recovered from Coventry. They have basked in his reflected fame, sheltered like birds beneath a spreading tree. His talents excited them to prove their own. Confident of inherited genius, they have tried to behave like great men with lamentable results."

He confesses that he disliked "The Angel in the House" for many years, but having been forced to read it again while writing this book, he finds it "possesses quite unexpected beauties" and as "a period poem has a nostalgic charm."

He does not, however, profess to offer a critical study of Coventry Patmore's verse, his main concern being with a narrative of his life. And here we come across a veritable procession of "Angels" of the Patmore "House," including Coventry's three wives, a pretty young girl who in his youth laughed at his infatuation and Mrs. Alice Meynell, who was his *Belle Dame Sans Merci* in his declining years and whose appointment as Poet Laureate, it is interesting to recall, he hotly championed in the pages of the *Saturday Review*.

The Dualism of De Quincey

Among the many admirable volumes in Messrs. Duckworth's "Great Lives" series (2s. each) that on De Quincey by Mr. Malcolm Elwin deserves a high place, for he has brought to its writing not only a sane critical faculty, but that degree of imagination necessary to a proper appreciation of the famous "opium-eater's" work and character.

Mr. Elwin rightly insists on the fact that De Quincey was "consciously and designedly a dual personality."

"He was abnormal because he remained an opium addict from his nineteenth year to his death at the age of seventy-four. But he was abnormal before he ever took opium, which simply exaggerated and encouraged his abnormality. His life was devoted to the perfection of his own intellect, to which end he recklessly sacrificed all practical considerations and cultivated a dual personality, living within himself an absorbing

intellectual life which he jealously guarded from the outer world until he described it in writing."

Master Musicians

The new and revised edition of Messrs. Dent's "Master Musicians" series which Mr. Eric Blom is so ably editing, involves not only the bringing up to date of biographies that subsequent research has shown to be faulty in the presentation of facts, but the production of a number of new volumes to replace those incapable of revision and to extend the scope of the whole series.

The new works include fresh biographies of Beethoven (by Marion M. Scott), Mozart (by Mr. Blom) and Wagner (by Robert L. Jacobs). All of these are illuminating contributions to musical literature.

In the case of Handel, Mr. Blom has contented himself with reproducing Abdy Williams' original biography and correcting its mistakes and omissions by means of footnotes and bracketed interpolations.

Each of the volumes is priced at 4s. 6d.

The Age of the Grand Tour

Good Queen Bess was always ready to encourage and profit by her subjects' adventures across the seas, and it was probably her example in despatching young gentlemen at her own expense abroad, to study conditions on the Continent and learn the languages, that gave the first impulse to the "Grand Tour" idea so fashionable in the following centuries for members of British aristocratic houses.

Travel was held not only to broaden the mind, but to improve the manners of too confident youth. It had, of course, its dangers, and one of these, in days of religious acrimony, was possible contact with Papish influences. Hence for a time the exclusion of Italy from the usual itinerary laid down. Then there were wars, foreign and civil, to be avoided, not to speak of the unpleasant attentions of highwaymen and bands of brigands.

Mr. R. S. Lambert, assisted by several well-known writers such as Edmund Blunden, Sacheverell Sitwell and Malcolm Letts, revives the experiences and traces for us the progress of these old-time travellers in "Grand Tour: A Journey in the Tracks of the Age of Aristocracy" (Faber and Faber, illustrated, 10s. 6d.).

Coffee as the Great Inspirer

As attractive as any human biography is Herr Heinrich Eduard Jacob's "biography of an economic product," entitled "The Saga of Coffee" (translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, Allen and Unwin, illustrated, 15s.).

This is in no sense a dreary statistical record of coffee consumption down the ages. Herr Jacob's theme is the civilising influence of coffee, the enormous part it has played in creating the modern world; and in expounding that theme he discloses such a wealth of romantic lore concerning this "economic product" as to confound the sceptic and drive home his contention that:

"Analytical thought, which, in contrast with synthetical thought, has been the main characteristic of

civilisation since the opening of the modern era, is mainly attributable to the generalising influence of coffee upon thought itself."

And what a tragedy for Europe was averted by the happy coincidence that on the day the Turks were defeated before Vienna, there was a Pole present with the victors who appreciated the charms of coffee and was able to rescue from the flames many sackloads of berries that were to be the nucleus of his subsequent flourishing business as "Vienna coffee" purveyor! Otherwise the taste for coffee might not have penetrated beyond the realms of Islam till very much later, thus retarding the advent of modern age!

Nineteenth Century Fashions

Mr. Angus Holden is an enthusiast on the subject of dress and he writes very delightfully, if provocatively, about it in a pleasingly illustrated book entitled "Elegant Modes in the Nineteenth Century: From High Waist to Bustle" (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.).

He discovers four dress periods in that century which "were not only outstanding by reason of their beauty, but also possessed that element of original genius by which alone an artistic creation can live."

These periods are:

The Empire Waist (1794-1821), signifying for him "The Age of Grace."

Romantic Fashions (1825-1836), symbolising "The Perfect Figure."

The Crinoline Age (1856-1867) typifying "Modesty."

The Dress-Improver (or Bustle) Age, expressing "Balance."

Not everyone will agree that the last two of these four periods were particularly "outstanding by reason of their beauty," nor perhaps be willing to accept Mr. Holden's definition of originality as "the presence of an urge to exaggerate one portion of the body in order to enhance the beauty of the whole." But, if in setting out his thesis Mr. Holden gaily challenges criticism, he has at least given us a book that makes lively and entertaining reading.

The Guardians of the Law

It is a little over a hundred years ago that Sir Robert Peel instituted the force that was to become the trusted and efficient guardian of the law. At first the "Peeler" came in for a good deal of public suspicion and hostility, but all this gradually disappeared as the experiment began more than to justify itself, and to-day the English policeman is beyond question the model for police organisations throughout the world.

Mr. Alwyn Solmes in his researches into English police history ("The English Policeman," Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), goes back considerably further than the experiment of Sir Robert Peel. The story he has to tell runs back, indeed, into misty Anglo-Saxon days—to the reign of Athelstan in fact.

In early times it was, of course, the Church, with its sanctuaries and "benefit of clergy," that greatly

impeded the punishment of the criminal, but it cannot be said that the lay Powers in the State, except for occasional acts of ruthless repression and for a simplified code prescribing the harshest penalty for every kind of offence, did much to look after the safety and property of the ordinary peaceful citizen.

Mr. Solmes, as a contrast to the lurid picture he has to paint of the undisciplined past, winds up with a heartening survey of our modern police methods and organisation.

One Volume Aviation Encyclopaedia

The "Encyclopaedia of Aviation," compiled and edited by Squadron Leader C. G. Burge (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, copiously illustrated, 15s.), is a mine of information on aviation history and organisation, military and civil.

It gives the whole story of the conquest of the air from the first crude attempts at flying to the building of luxury travel planes, and contains, besides details of record flights and biographies of famous pilots, a series of special articles dealing with such matters as research and technical equipment, international aviation, practical flying, air craft engines, legal regulations governing air navigation and "air medicine."

Some Good Novels

Miss Norah Hoult's "Holy Ireland" (Heinemann) is a fine and powerful story of middle-class Irish family life and of a religious bigotry that blights the existence of those brought under its sway.

"Mr. Theobald's Devil," by Anna Gordon Keown (Macmillan), is a brightly told, amusing tale of the transformation wrought in a simple-hearted parson's world through the absence of a much-dreaded Lady of the Manor and the descent upon him of an unscrupulous, but entertaining rogue.

The author of "Out For a Million" (Allen and Unwin, translated by Malcolm Burr) is a Russian *émigré*, by name V. Krymov, and the story, written some ten years ago, has as its background the Russia of those wealthy merchant families of Old Believers. A spirited if fantastic tale, full of humorous incident.

"Her Soul to Keep," by Ethel Cook Eliot (Sheed and Ward) is an impressive story of a woman's religious trust and faith. The book has already had a wide sale in America, and will have special appeal for Roman Catholic readers.

Louis Marlow has chosen as the hero of his latest book "Fool's Quarter Day" (Faber and Faber) an exceedingly self-centred young man and the result is a brilliantly ironical character study.

As a first novel "Come Dungeon Dark," by J. A. Cole (Faber and Faber) is a really notable achievement, presenting us with a delightfully piquant satire on modern socialism.

In "Wherefore O' The Why" (Blackwood) Miss Helen Graham gives us some very human and amusing tales of Scottish village life.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY. Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA. Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE. Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH. NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END. Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL. Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON. Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS. Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD. OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS. Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLENDER. Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE. Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON. ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY. CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON. Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 6095.

ELY. Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating.

FALMOUTH. Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW. W.2. — Belhaven Hotel. 22 to 26 Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW. C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN. Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE. East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON. Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE. Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE. Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel. High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK. English Lakes. — The Keawick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN. — Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRTYD WELLS. Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter 24/7/6; sum., £4 15/- W.E., 30/- Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE. Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmaily 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 6 to 9 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel. 199, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL. 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA. 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFESBURY Hotel. Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel. St. Martin's Street. Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 15/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH. Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH. N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE. N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/- Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 38/- Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART. Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON. Nr. Ventor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM. Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- Golf.

PADSTOW. Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON. DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH. Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH. Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK. WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND. Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON. Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 23/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY. Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Fordeminster.

SCARBOROUGH. Yorks. — Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel. Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist. Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/- Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Din., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE. HANTS. — Grovenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER. Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH. Devon. — Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY. Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel, Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Skover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM. Perthshire. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 15; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering. comfort and attention.

WARWICK. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 23/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E. £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH. — Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL. — Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

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BRIGG. Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL. — Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. — Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNISLAND, Fifeshire. — Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec. 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 37/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTHAM SPA. — Visit the Bays hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon. — Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE. — Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. — Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH. — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place. — Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA Private Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon. 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK. — Bracon dale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset. — The Links, Wimbborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE. — Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 28/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire. — Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING. — Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Whitwell Hatch — a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone 696.

HASTINGS. — Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

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THE OSBORNE Private Hotel. Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

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LEAMINGTON SPA. — Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER. — Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN. — Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL. — Ardshealach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON. — Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON House Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY Mansions Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0887 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BOXNINGTON Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath, and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 82, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL HOTEL, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 380/2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Penbridge Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 15½; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon. — Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T. Jesmond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single frm. 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD. — Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall. — Riviera Hotel. Near sea; golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFESBURY, Dorset. — Coombe House Hotel. — Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. — Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS. — Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos. — Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem. — Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY. — Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road. — Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-; Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23. Rec., 2. Pens. from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye. — Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief. Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

MAYFAIR SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 25, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. provides advanced modern training and assures well paid positions for gentlemen. Individual tuition. — For prospectus Vic. 4465.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

THE POET OF THE EMPIRE

THE seventieth birthday of Mr. Rudyard Kipling this week is an event that has called forth congratulations from every part of the Empire to the great writer and poet whose fervent patriotism and sane imperialism have been the inspiration of the whole British race in peace and in war during the past half century.

He is *par excellence* the Poet of the Empire who, long before the Statute of Westminster was passed, summed up in glowing words the true significance of Dominion independence:—

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Throne sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my mother's House,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

and in the Song of Dominions at about the same time wrote:—

"Twixt my house and thy house what talk can there be
Of headship or Lordship, or service or fee?"

To-day, when our National defences have been reduced, by the folly of our Governments and the apathy of the people, to a condition that makes them the laughing stock of the whole world, might we not find an apt and telling indictment in the scathing words he addressed to "the Islanders" in 1902:—

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your leaden seas,
Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at ease;
Till ye said of Strife, "What is it?" of the Sword, "It is far from our ken";
Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your armed men.

But ye say, "It will mar our comfort." Ye say, "It will minish our trade."
Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn how a gun is laid?
For the low, red glare to southward when the raided coast-towns burn?
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn).

Political Visitors from Australia

From an Australian Correspondent

THE early months of 1936 will find in London a number of important political visitors from Australia.

Mr. William Forgan Smith, the Scottish-born Premier of Queensland, expected here at the end of January, is the first scheduled to arrive. His mission is to consult the British Government about the sugar industry which means so much to Queensland, to seek the maintenance and, if possible, the extension of Australian sugar exports to this country.

Mr. Forgan Smith will also make a recommendation to the Dominions Office on the appointment of the successor to Sir Leslie Wilson as Governor of Queensland.

Sir Leslie's term expires this year, and the Premier—in accordance with the Labour Party's policy—has announced the Government's desire that the vacancy should be filled by an Australian.

To this extent, he is supported by the precedent of the choice of Sir Isaac Isaacs, who relinquishes the Governor-Generalship of Australia this month.

He has stated also that he sees no

reason why a contemporary State politician should not hold the office. Here, Mr. Forgan Smith raises a new point of principle, for the retiring Governor-General had been out of politics and on the High Court Bench for many years before, on the advice of Mr. J. H. Scullin, the King appointed him as his personal representative in Australia.

The Dominions Office still holds substantial powers over the selection of State Governors, though not over Commonwealth appointments.

It will be interesting to see the result of the representations Mr. Forgan Smith makes there.

Dr. Earle Page, deputy Prime Minister of Australia, Minister of Commerce and leader of the United Country party wing of the Coalition Government, will be in London to negotiate agreements concerning especially the Commonwealth's exports of dairy produce.

He is a supporter of lower tariffs. He urges the maintenance of an unrestricted British market for Australian dairy produce.

Mr. Walter Elliot will find this surgeon, constitutional reformer, pastoralist and Minister an interesting visitor.

Mr. B. S. B. Stevens, Premier of New South Wales since 1932, is to make his first visit to London. He

could not come for the Jubilee celebrations because of the State election in which he handsomely retained power. He is Treasurer as well as Premier; finance may be the principal object of his call.

Mr. R. G. Menzies, Commonwealth Attorney-General, is coming to appear for the Government in a Privy Council case which hinges upon the Constitution's provision for absolute free trade between the States.

He will have other than legal business in London, for he has become recognised in the House of Representatives as the spokesman of the Government on foreign affairs.

The Power of the Purse

Canadian Premiers in Council

By G. Delap Stevenson

YOU cannot take up a defiant attitude towards a man you are asking to pay your bills, as many prodigal sons have discovered, and the same thing applies with no less force to Governments.

It is the crux of the whole question of federalism in Canada and has dominated the recent conference between the Dominion and provincial governments.

In the good old days before the depression the provinces could insist on their independence. They built impressive Houses of Parliament, and almost considered themselves nations. Their ultimate dependence on the central government was remote from everyday life.

Now, however, all this has changed. Their treasuries are empty and everywhere the unemployed are clamouring for food and warmth. These must be given or the men will die, and before they die break out into red revolt.

The provinces have no choice but to ask the Dominion for money, and the Dominion gives at its discretion and can make conditions.

Besides this actual power of the purse, there are other factors making against the old provincial autonomy.

Economic nationalism, tariffs, planned production and marketing—all these are part of the new state of affairs, and they all mean the greater interference of the central government with the industrial life of the whole country. Allied to them is social legislation, hours of work, rates of wages, pensions, insurance and all the rest, which need to be more or less uniform and belong naturally to the central government.

The great problem before all federal countries to-day is: How can the need for economic centralisation be reconciled with the maintenance of provincial independence?

Australia is facing it no less than Canada, while across the border in the United States the conflict between

the New Deal and federalism is still undecided.

Mr. Bennett went out of power with his own New Deal untried. Mr. Mackenzie King, while in opposition, did not oppose very violently; at any rate he gave a kind of blessing to the social reform part of the programme, though he maintained that the whole thing was contrary to the constitution.

Now that he is in power he seems likely to continue where Mr. Bennett left off.

His conference of provincial Premiers has taken the essential step for implementing any New Deal, by agreeing in principle to the amendment of the constitution.

On various concrete points they have approved greater unity. They are in favour of uniform company law throughout Canada. They have set up a National Employment Commission, and the Dominion government is contributing more to unemployment relief. They have arranged for a future conference on agricultural marketing and export.

Though the idea of a huge all-Canada scheme for refunding public debt has been turned down, as has also the idea of a loan council on the Australian model, a permanent financial committee has been set up to give expert advice and carry out liaison work in financial matters.

The present Government is in a much stronger position than its predecessor to make unitary arrangements with the provinces, for all the provincial governments are either Liberal or semi-Liberal.

Even Quebec seems to have laid aside its traditional suspicion of Dominion encroachments, its Premier (M. Taschereau) having declared his faith in the fair treatment of the French by the rest of Canada.

A Southern Rhodesia Notebook

(From a Special Correspondent)

THAT Southern Rhodesia is as rich in minerals as South Africa is the opinion of Mr. F. P. Mennell, a prominent consulting geologist and mining engineer of Bulawayo.

"Rhodesia has been overshadowed by the Rand," he told the *Saturday Review*. "If our gold mines had been 5,000 miles away from Johannesburg they would have received the attention they deserve. Expansion has been striking and young Rhodesians are becoming a race of miners—yet there is still such a shortage of skilled men that the Government have taken steps to import miners from Cornwall.

"Southern Rhodesia alone is richer in 'base' minerals than the Union," he continued. "Every important commercial metal, except perhaps tin, is found in large quantities in the two Rhodesias. Some years ago Southern Rhodesia had reached the position in which for one year the output of base minerals actually

exceeded the gold output in value. Then came the slump and the higher price of gold, but now base metals are creeping up again. Asbestos and chrome are two important products which are doing much better."

* * *

Southern Rhodesia is to allow tourist cars to enter the Colony without deposit. The annoyance caused by Customs Officials who, in most countries overseas, demand a heavy deposit has been recognised by the Customs authorities of the Colony.

Accordingly they have now decreed that instead of a deposit, the tourists must be able to prove that they are indeed tourists by the production of testifying documents either from their employers, a magistrate or some similar authority. The tourists must also sign a document declaring that, in the event of their car or other dutiable articles being disposed of or destroyed, they will pay the amount of duty which was due on importation.

A Strong Tie

There is a strong tie between Southern Rhodesia and India. It owes its origin to the Great War. During the East African campaign certain Indian and a Rhodesian regiment fought side by side. At various times they were brigaded together and friendships were engendered, as when the 129th Baluchis were in a tight corner and the Rhodesians asked permission to go to their aid. That little incident, in particular, has not been forgotten and on the anniversary of the fight cables of goodwill are exchanged.

It is not strange, therefore, that Indian Army Officers about to retire turn their eyes to Southern Rhodesia as a country that offers a congenial home. Many have already settled there, while Major W. J. Cawthorn, of the 10th Punjab Regiment, has recently been touring the Colony with a view to assessing and reporting officially upon its suitability for settlement by officers of the Indian Army. His report is favourable.

* * *

Britain is not the only country where railways are turning the corner. Thanks largely to improved industrial conditions and the increasing patronage by natives as passengers, those of Southern Rhodesia are doing very well.

Figures just published show that the total number of passengers carried by the Rhodesian Railways in the eleven months ending 31st August, 1935, amounted to 538,412, which is 56,930 above the number carried during the corresponding period in 1934.

Total railway earnings have risen by £664,280, from £3,527,677 to £4,194,957; operating expenditure by £133,922, from £2,256,200 to £2,390,122 and the net operating revenue by £530,358, from £1,271,477 to £1,801,855.

Ceylon's Jungle Boy

MOWGLI, Kipling's famous creation, has a living Ceylonese counterpart.

Little Tikkiri, of the Vedda people (the aborigines of Ceylon), has just been rescued from the depths of the Island's jungle. He has been living all his life in a cave in the forest with his outlaw father, Vannuku Tissahamy.

The boy, despite his environment, speaks with intelligence and fluency, having been taught by his father.

With his sturdy carriage, the boy surprises all who travel to see him and expect to find an emaciated, half-starved creature.

But Tikkiri does not want to go back to the jungle. Civilisation offers him plenty of excitement. When he was first carried to the town of Batticaloa, the buildings and electric lights filled him with wonder—so much so that he described the town as "the abode of the gods."

He is now living happy and contented with an Island official and laughs at those who suggest his father will be caught.

Poet and Singer

Vannuku Tissahamy himself has a long history. He shot a man at the age of nineteen and fled to the forest. When he received word that his victim had recovered he gave himself up and was imprisoned. He was shifted from one jail to another until he had nearly toured them all. His journeying he commemorated with song, for he is both poet and singer.

Besides this saga of the jails, he has composed one hundred and fifty stanzas to his lady love, who left him when he fled to the jungle a second time. This second flight was brought about by another son, his eldest, who shot a relative and disappeared, after which Tissahamy had an altercation with the police, which was followed by his retirement into a cave where he lives accompanied, now that Tikkiri has been rescued, by a small daughter of nine years.

* * *

Ceylon is eating more fruit.

Imports of fruit during the first nine months of the year were forty-eight per cent. higher than in the same period in 1934. For the first quarter of the year the percentage was fifty-six per cent. higher.

The increase was almost entirely due to the larger imports from Southern Rhodesia, Palestine and Australia.

* * *

I am informed that Ceylon is likely to join the newly-formed Colonial Forest Resources Department, which was organised to find markets for colonial timber.

Items of Empire interest for these pages are welcomed.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

Gibraltar and its Sieges

By Professor A. P. Newton

AMONG the colonies of the British Empire some of the smallest have in the past played an outstanding part, rather by reason of their strategic position in relation to imperial policy than by any intrinsic value.

Almost all our colonies have entered the circle of the King's realms by peaceful settlement or cession, but these strategic points have been occupied as the result of successful military action and are retained to guard the communications of the Empire and to enable its leaders to fill an outstanding part in the international policy affecting particular regions.

Among these focal points of imperial strategy Gibraltar is pre-eminent by reason of the fact that the British flag has flown over it for nearly two centuries and a half, that it was the key to the entry of British power into the Mediterranean, and that again and again, when that power has been disputed, it was Gibraltar that had to bear the brunt of the attack.

On either side of the Straits that lead from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean Sea there stands up a rock of such majestic prominence and proportions that men have remarked them since the earliest days of Occidental history.

The Greeks called them the Pillars of Herakles, but since the Moslem conquest of North Africa and their invasion of Spain the northern pillar has been known, by the name of the Mohamedan leader who first seized it, in 711 A.D., as Jebel-Tariq, the Rock of Tariq.

The southern pillar, now known as



George Augustus Eliott, Lord Heathfield, Baron Gibraltar, celebrated for his defence of Gibraltar during the siege of 1779



Gibraltar in 1730. The possession of Gibraltar gave England a tactical advantage as it commanded the narrow entrance to the Mediterranean Sea

Apes' Hill above Ceuta, has never played an important part in history, but Gibraltar has always been since its first capture by the Moslems one of the most celebrated strong places in the world, because beneath its shadow there lies a harbour that forms an excellent base for any fleet that wishes to hold the passage between the ocean and the inland sea.

Though it was Oliver Cromwell who first strove to establish British sea power in the Mediterranean, and thus to play a part in the politics of Southern Europe, we had no base there, and no British fleet could stay for long in those waters.

The great world war that opened the eighteenth century, which is known as the War of the Spanish Succession, saw Britain using her fleets as a major weapon against the attempts of Louis XIV to dominate Europe.

In 1704 Sir George Rooke at the head of a combined British and Dutch fleet pounced upon Gibraltar, and in a short siege of only three days he succeeded in capturing the fortress.

But the French and Spaniards returned to the attack a few months later, and for six months they closely invested the Rock until they were finally compelled to retire in April, 1705.

At the Peace of Utrecht (1713) Gibraltar remained under the British flag, and, though for the next twenty years there were endless negotiations for its return to Spain, it was so important an item in our policy that the British Ministers could neither be bribed nor cajoled into letting it go.

Despairing of success in these negotiations, the Spaniards tried to seize the Rock by surprise in 1720, and in 1726 they again laid siege to it with a powerful army.

But the defences had been greatly strengthened, and there were ample stores of provisions, so that the garrison could hold out successfully until the besiegers were worn out and compelled to withdraw.

For fifty-three years they left Gibraltar alone.

The ill-success of the British armies in America and the disaster of General Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga to the rebellious colonists made Spain and France believe that at last they had found an opportunity to avenge their defeats, and Gibraltar, as the key to the Mediterranean, was one of the first objects of their attack.

In August, 1779, General Elliot and the garrison were closely invested by a strong Spanish army which was resolved to reduce the fortress by starvation.

Thus there began the fourteenth, one of the most celebrated sieges in history, and it went on for three years and a half until, in February, 1783, it was brought to an end by the conclusion of peace.

Every attempt of the Spaniards and their French allies both by land and sea had been repulsed, Admiral Rodney had performed a splendid feat of arms by pouring fresh supplies into the garrison's depleted stores under the eyes of its helpless enemies, and the defenders had covered themselves with glory by their resource and inventiveness in repelling every attack.

Their success was of great importance in upholding British prestige at a moment when the unfortunate course of the war in America had greatly damaged it.

The fact that Gibraltar was impregnable held won for us much better conditions of peace than could otherwise have been secured.

Britain was still a power in the Mediterranean, and General Elliot was a national hero. His reward with the title of Lord Heathfield of Gibraltar was universally acclaimed, and there is no doubt that his services to the preservation of the Empire at the nadir of its fortunes ought always to be remembered.

Throughout the great wars of Napoleon, Gibraltar remained unassailed, and the Rock has ever since stood inviolate as a two centuries old symbol of Britain's world power.

Financial Outlook for 1936

(By Our City Editor)

FINANCIAL forecasts are probably the most dangerous form of prophecy in these days when politics play a larger part than ever before in finance and when the political outlook is capable of complete change within the space of a few days, almost a few hours. But the investor who wishes to enjoy security and a little profit has to summon up his courage and take a view of the future—a long view if he wishes to pursue a definite investment policy and not to be worried with frequent changes in his holdings.

The past year has been by no means a bad one so far as the investor has been concerned if we except the absence of any tax remission, a particularly serious factor for the Trustee forced to accept the low yields available on gilt-edged and kindred stocks, for ordinary stocks and shares throughout the industrial list have appreciated substantially while "investment" stocks have suffered no serious decline.

The outlook for Trustee stocks in the immediate future should give no cause for alarm for with a large defence and development programme to be carried out, much of it lamentably belated, the Government is bound to continue along the path of "cheap money" and investment yields are likely to remain low despite the additional volume of securities which official borrowing will place upon the market. This is the short view.

The long view is less reassuring, for while lower interest rates than those which ruled prior to the depression are likely to continue for some years, only the complete pessimist can imagine that trade is for ever going to remain in its present state of international stagnation, and a revival must spell dearer money. Those investors, therefore, who are in a position to reinvest proceeds of gilt-edged sales in another market will do well to look round now before prices in the more speculative sections become even more prohibitive than at present.

Bank Shares

Bank shares, as pointed out in these columns on previous occasions, form a useful hedge against gilt-edged depreciation, for though the prices of the shares move as a rule with the gilt-edged market, the banks' holdings of gilt-edged stocks are realised as industrial and financial demands for advances necessitate a change in the form in which liquid funds are held. The banks find it more difficult to work on a good profit-earning margin during "cheap-money" periods than when there is a good demand for advances at remunerative rates, for money-lending is, after all, the most profitable and useful branch of banking activity.

The average yield on the shares of the big British joint-stock banks is rather less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but as the yield on British Government stocks is well under 3 per cent., the shares may not look

unattractive to those with whom security is the first consideration. The highest returns are obtainable on the partly-paid shares but, in the cases of the British "big five," this can hardly be looked upon as an unpleasant liability. National Provincial, Westminster, and Lloyds partly-paid all return over $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the yield in the case of National Provincial £20 shares £4 paid being as high as £3 17s. 9d. per cent. Barclays "B" shares at 78s. 9d. (fully-paid) are also attractive with a yield of £3 11s. 3d. per cent. No changes are generally expected in the rates of dividend for the past year, certainly not in the downward direction.

Industrial Preferences

At a time when the merits of gilt-edged stocks are being weighed in the balance it is hard to find any attractions in high-priced industrial preference shares. The chief reason for their exalted price is, as a rule, certainty of income which makes such shares a desirable holding from time-to-time for investment trusts, insurance companies and others to whom income may at a particular time be the first consideration. But for the ordinary investor a holding in a fixed interest security standing at a price far above par, and often a one-way market, seems undesirable at a time when fixed-interest securities appear to have reached their zenith.

There are, of course, exceptions to this opinion, particularly in the case of semi-speculative preference shares carrying substantial arrears of dividend.

A British Development

Sir William Firth's presentation of American canned beer to his workmen at the Redbourne works of Richard Thomas and Co., of which Sir William is Chairman, was a typical reminder of what could be done in this country by efficient industrial development. Richard Thomas & Co. is one of the most progressive concerns in this country and has been largely responsible for the revival in the British tinplate industry which was dying a rapid death until the change in British fiscal policy enabled such leading industrialists as Sir William Firth to take advantage of the country's resources.

The Chairman of Richard Thomas evidently has every faith in enterprise and hard work to capture a larger share of the canning trade which has been America's monopoly, and when the Ebbw Vale steel works, thoroughly modernised under his direction, recommence activities, there is no reason why his faith should not prove to be justified. Incidentally the shares of Richard Thomas & Co. have been a good market at around 14s. or just about double the price at which they were mentioned in these columns a few months ago.

THEATRE NOTES

"The Magic Marble" Lyric, Hammersmith

By Tom Macaulay

INEVITABLE delays in the Christmas post have affected my attendance at several of the new Christmas shows, since tickets have reached me long after the day on which I should have been present. I did, however, manage to get to Hammersmith to see Tom Macaulay's adaptation of Sydney Hodges' story. This is quite a charming show, full of ogres, fairies, goblins, and even woblins, and most of the nursery rhyme characters make their appearance. The music and songs are

pleasant and there is some suitable dancing. There are two clever performances by Rosamund Barnes and Henry Hepworth as the children who are translated into this fantastic country, and Beryl Laverick makes a charming captured Princess.

"The Forty Thieves" Lyceum

By Walter and Frederick Melville

THE shade of Henry Irving, if it still haunts the Lyceum, must long ago have become reconciled to this home of high drama being given over to the Muses of Pantomime and Comedy. If it has been present at the performance in the past Christmas week it can hardly have resisted falling victim to the devastating humour of George Jackley, Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold.

And there is much else in this year's pantomime to delight and fascinate the audience—the old familiar songs sung with all her old charm and zest by Florrie Forde, the clever juggling of Eddie Gray, the gorgeous transformation scene, the MacLaren dancers, the Liaseed Egyptian Troupe, the Amazonian platoon of Forty Thieves and last but not least, the attractive pair of young lovers Ganem (Kitty Reidy) and Morgiana (Polly Ward).

GREAT CONSERVATIVE RALLY

EVERY Conservative who, in the recent election, abstained from voting for his Member (on principle) should apply at once to—

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"The True Conservative Cause,"
Hollybank, Woking.

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New Year Appeals

MORE than 100,000 children were helped and protected by the N.S.P.C.C. in 1935, including 70,000 neglected children, 10,000 ill-treated children, and 9,000 children exposed for begging purposes, or suffering what the Society describes as "other wrongs." Human feeling wilts at the fiendish details of those "other wrongs."

In the British tradition, the Society is entirely a voluntary institution. Its income is derived from subscriptions, its expenditure is controlled with the greatest care and foresight, its power to do more good is limited only by its financial resources. You can help the Society in two ways: By reporting to it at once any knowledge you may have of a child who may be in need of assistance. By subscribing. Give your contribution to any of the Society's honorary helpers, or send it to The Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL

EVERY year over 61,572 people die of cancer in England and Wales alone—young, old and those in the prime of life.

There is no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of this dreadful scourge will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. It will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work, such as is carried on at the Research Institute of The Cancer Hospital.

Help the work along by a special New Year Gift to the Earl of Granard, The Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

THE CHURCH ARMY

SPLENDID work was done by the Church Army last Christmas. Hundreds of families were made happy by the Christmas Dinner Parcels Scheme.

But Christmas occurs only once a year; need for the Church Army work is proved daily, and throughout 1936 that work will go on—bringing comfort and help to the needy, faith and new hope to thousands.

Preb. Carlile, at 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1, is waiting to thank you for your New Year gift.

CINEMA

Mutiny on the Bounty

BY MARK FORREST

JUST when perhaps a good many people after seeing *The Ghost Goes West* were congratulating themselves that the British film industry could produce something better than Hollywood, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company sends over *Mutiny On the Bounty*. After they have had a look at this picture, which is at the Empire, the admirers of *The Ghost Goes West*, of which I am one, will have to orientate their ideas afresh; for *Mutiny On The Bounty* is a superb piece of work which contains the three essentials for a first-rate film—a good story with a minimum of dialogue, plenty of movement and a large canvas.

The story was ready to hand and the only difficulty which could have presented itself was what to omit; this difficulty has not been quite overcome for the film is overlong and cuts could be made in the sequence which follows the arrival of the *Bounty* in Tahiti. The tale of Captain Bligh, that superb but inhuman sea-man, who left Portsmouth towards the end of the eighteenth century to collect bread trees from Tahiti for the Government, is a terrible one, revealing the drastic conditions under which the able seaman went to sea in those days.

Tortured by his merciless treatment the crew, some of which had been compelled into service by the press gang, comes many times within an ace of mutiny, but it is not until he has sailed the ship half way round the world and the crew has experienced the delights of Tahiti that the smouldering paper catches alight. Christian, the first officer, seizes the ship and puts Bligh to sea in an open boat with a dozen of his supporters; there follows the sequence of Bligh's amazing escape, made possible by his magnificent seamanship and his great courage.

Christian returns to Tahiti where he is hunted by Bligh in his new boat *Pandora*, that goes to the bottom, but not before he has clapped his hands on the few mutineers who are willing to risk a courtmartial in England. The picture comes to an end with the courtmartial and the future of the rest of the band under Christian, who eventually settled on Pitcairn Island where their descendants are alive to-day, is left—perhaps for a sequel.

The *Bounty* herself is a fine sight beautifully photographed; the direction of Mr. Lloyd never falters for one instant except in the Tahiti sequence and the acting of Charles Laughton, as Bligh, and Clark Gable, as Christian is the best I have seen during 1935.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981

LAST WEEK

Paula Wessely

(of "Maskerade" fame) in

"EPISODE" (A)

and Dolly Haas in "LIEBESKOMMANDO" (U)

BROADCASTING

Nothing New for the New Year

BY ALAN HOWLAND

IN spite of the fact that old age is creeping on apace I still cherish certain illusions. One of them is that the advent of the New Year brings with it the desire, as far as most people are concerned, to do rather better than they did the year before, to cast off what was feeble and unworthy and to strive after new and higher ideals. Such an illusion I believed to be shared by the vast mass of the people whether considered individually or in groups.

It was, therefore, with high hopes that I scrutinised the B.B.C. programmes for the first week in January. The B.B.C., I felt, must share with me this desire to start anew, and it will be reflected in the programmes which mark the opening of the year.

Well, I have heard them and you have heard them, and if I shed a tear it is for the passing of yet another illusion in an age when fresh ones are hard to come by.

Always the Same

For what have we heard? The same dreary succession of studio orchestras playing the same dreary tunes in the same uninspired way; the same cinema orchestras scraping out their Faust selections and the minor works of Ketelby; the same cinema organs fluttering, shivering and corkscrewing their revolting way through the latest song hits. We have heard the same old pantomime with a different name, and if we have not exercised a certain amount of low cunning we have heard it twice, and we have listened with a finger in our ears to the pneumatic drills pounding away at the Foundations of Music.

For the future we are invited to anticipate a programme commemorating the Centenary of James Watt. For one moment, owing to a trifling obliquity of vision I read it as the Centenary of John Watt and wondered whether he had cast himself in the rôle of compère, but a close scrutiny showed that the B.B.C. had not exercised as much imagination as appeared at first glance.

It is just that quality of imagination which is lacking in everything which the B.B.C. does. Kentucky Minstrels, White Coons, Night Falls Somewhere or Other, Music Hall, Old Songs For New, Saturday Magazine and a hundred others all contain precisely the same type of material but, according to the B.B.C., so long as each has a label of its own it is fundamentally different from all the others. This childish belief was held at Savoy Hill and is still held at Portland Place. It does not seem as though 1936 will see it decently buried.